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We Fall Flat On Our Faces At Christmas

An editorial by Byrne Hope Sanders

T LOOKS, sometimes, as if we'll succeed after all in ruining Christmas.

We eat too much. Spend more than we can afford. Calculate too many of our gifts on a barter basis ("What's she likely to give me?") We whip up children's expectations for the day to a point where reality is often an anticlimax. The grimmest and most driven-looking women are to be found among those pushing through the crowded aisles of our stores in this, the Christmas month.

One of our editorial staff summed it up succinctly at the meeting which planned this issue.

"The trouble is," she said, "most of us fall flat on our faces at Christmas."

YET WITH all the struggle and turmoil, what is it we really want?

Think clearly for a moment. Go deep into your memories of Christmas past. Isn't what we are looking for to be found in the joy of a child's response to the story of Bethlehem? That glow in our hearts as we see the family around the hearth fire, safe and sound for another year? Isn't it that surge of tenderness, warmth and beauty, which touches most of us, once at least, at some unexpected point in the Christmas season?

*Intangibles, yes; and they cannot be planned for. They are found on no gift list. Yet they come as quickly with a tatted doily as with a mink coat. Or they are just as remote from either.

Someone once pointed out to me that our whole economic structure is really based on Christmas. Such a large proportion of the year's business is keyed to it that, without it, we might face financial collapse.

Funny business, isn't it? Dollars—and the cradle at Bethlehem. Funny business at home too. Fuss and rush and bustle—and back of it all, our basic yearning for the gift of love. For we all know love is at the core of Christmas.

I HAVE JUST had a deeply moving experience in reading what two thousand women think about Christmas. In suggesting the gifts on page 18 our Councilors, speak for all of you, as among them are all the types to be found in our readership.

These Canadian women feel, too, that we need to get back our sense of balance at Christmas. They prove in every way that Charles Dickens was right. "Honor Christmas in our heart, and keep it all the year around."

That's really the answer, isn't it? If we can do that, Christmas will never be ruined, however stupid some of us are. And again, it's the intangible dream of honoring Christmas throughout the year, which brings with it a very practical demonstration. Budget for Christmas every month; plan gifts early; make them early—and we'll enjoy the season without worry.

That's your determination every year, isn't it? But, like the rest of us, you, too, have probably fallen flat on your face this Christmas. So—pick yourself up; my lass, brush yourself off—and try again in 1949!

A Merry Christmas to all of you and to your families, from all of us in Chatelaine's family!





Used early and often, this pleasant precaution may head off a cold or lessen its severity.

NO matter how careful you are these days, it's often hard to avoid exposure to other people's colds—at the office, at parties, wherever crowds gather. And the fact is, colds are "catching.

Moreover, anything that lowers body resistance, such as wet or cold feet, or sudden changes of temperature, may make it easier for threatening germs, called the "secondary invaders," to invade your throat tissues and produce those miserable aspects of a cold you know so well.

Attacks Germs on Throat Surfaces

So, when you've been exposed, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at once. Used frequently during the 12 to 36 hour "incubation" period when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders"... gives nature a helping hand in halting a mass invasion of germs.

If your cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, used early and often, may help reduce the severity of the

Fewer Colds, Tests Showed

Bear in mind that tests over 12 years revealed this impressive result: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . .

Tests Showed Amazing Germ-Killing Power

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine An-

tiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat sur-

faces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to

80% one hour after a Listerine An-

and fewer sore throats.

tiseptic gargle.

Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly and, at the first sneeze . the first tightening of the throat or other signs of a cold . . . increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile seeing that you get plenty of rest, that you keep warm, and that you eat wisely.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., (Canada) Ltd.

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P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

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Fan Fare . . .



Julia Misbehaves

NEVER JUDGE a book by its movie. This one is based on Margery Sharp's novel "The Nutmeg Tree," but just isn't Sharp enough. Greer Garson is an ageing music hall hoyden, who is always broke and who suffers from chronic indiscretion. She receives an invitation to the society wedding of her daughter (Elizabeth Taylor). Not having seen her since babyhood, the mother journeys to the posh French villa for the affair. The father (Walter Pidgeon) again becomes interested, and manoeuvres her into trying marriage again, while she manoeuvres her daughter into casting off a fiance and eloping with her true love (Peter Lawford). Miss Garson is punched, doused and muddied. She wears circus tights, takes a bubble bath, sings and dances, with a feverish gaiety. It is unfortunate that the beautiful Elizabeth Taylor must keep her face congealed in an aspic of disdain until reel four.

Dulcimer Street

"WE'LL CARRY this petition over Westminster Bridge . . . up the steps of the Home Office . . . right into the fortress of reaction!" thunders politically minded Uncle Henry, rallying the roomers of 10 Dulcimer Street to save Percy Boone. And off they start, determined to do their best to help one of their own. Percy (Richard Attenborough) had lived in the old house with his mother, working as a garage mechanic until his desire to make big money fast led him to manslaughter and the Old Bailey.

Based on the popular Norman Collins novel, "London Belongs to Me," this screen play preserves the character of the book while tightening its unwieldly Grand-Hotel story pattern. It is extremely entertaining, for though it focuses on Percy's trial, it is no crimebuster story. The tale is woven round the ordinary middle-class English folk living in the down-at-the-heels roominghouse run by Mrs. Vizzard (Joyce Carey). Happy-Go-Londoner, Connie Coke (Ivy S. Helier), works as a hat check girl in a night club; the kindly Jossers (Fay Compton and Wylie Watson) worry over their daughter and try to silence the vitriolic Uncle Henry; and the mysterious roomer in the lower back

. . . Mr. Squales (Alastair Sims) casts a brooding charm over the widow Vizzard. There are family squabbles, romantic complications, neighborly gossip . . . all presented in a series of incidents ranging in mood from highly comic to highly tragic. The whole is told with a warmth and wisdom reminiscent of another British film—"This Happy Breed." Finely presented and with brilliant acting from lead roles to bits, this is a shrewd, heart-warming movie.

Canadians will be particularly interested to see Leslie Howard's brother, Arthur, who takes the role of the spiritualist leader, Mr. Chinkwell.

Miss Tatlock's Millions

THIS WILL either leave you weak with laughter or ready for the looney bin. A musclebound Hollywood stunt man (John Lund) takes on the task of impersonating one Schuyler Tatlock, mad young man of wealth. The real Schuyler vanished in Hawaii while in the care of an amiable drunk (Barry Fitzgerald), and now an unsuspecting family has summoned both for the reading of the Tatlock will. Barry, remembering those cheques he has cashed, bas to turn up with someone, so picks Lund. Through some sleight-of-script the fortune is left to the slightly tetched nephew . . . our erstwhile stunt man.

Co-heir and sister Nan (Wanda Hendrix) is thrilled, but not so those would-be lotus eaters, the relatives (Monty Wooley and Ilka Chase). They decide that Ilka's son (Robert Stack),



a worm in wolf's clothing if there ever was one, shall marry the gal for her gold.

Naturally, Wanda, all dolled up in money and loneliness, captures Lund's secret heart. He and Stack fight their way over a few weak spots in the script while relatives wrangle in the background, and Fitzgerald comforts himself with Irish whisky. Finally Wanda gives Stack the gate, plus the picket fence, and is reunited with Lund in the midst of a Pacific breaker. Only not in a sisterly fashion, for the gal has discovered all from Fitzgerald.

To call this plot involved is the year's understatement, but there are plenty of laughs, although Lund's antics as a screwball get slightly wearisome. In fact it's quite possible that the man in the projection booth will be ready to wreck his machine and hurl himself from the balcony rail. So don't say you

weren't warned! .



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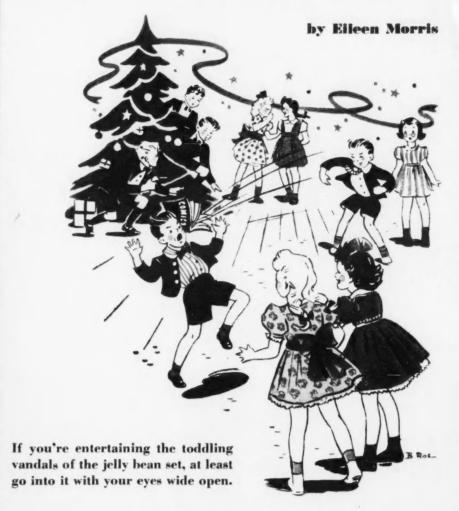
Laugh with Fibber McGee and Mally Tuesday night — CBC

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Bless Their Little Hearts



ARBARA'S birthday party is over for another year. And the doctor says I'll be strong enough to sit up tomorrow.

Every year about this time I vow I'll never twist another green or scarlet crepe paper streamer or print another Santa Claus place card. But as the months tick off my memories dim, and I begin envisioning flocks of cherubfaced children filling the house with joyous laughter. So rosy is the picture that I find myself purchasing gay Christmas crackers and paper hats, and starting the whole sorry thing over

For those new mothers fondly planning Snookums' first romper rumpus, let an old hand at the game offer you some friendly counsel, and outline briefly what lies ahead.

To begin with, pack away your frosted ribbon glass, potted ivy and favorite magazines. Send Towser to a neighbor's, stow the guppies with Cousin Ned, and warn hubby to eat downtown. All that remains should be tied, chained or reinforced.

Ask the little ones for four o'clock. This means they'll arrive at 3.20 in stiffly starched dresses and freshly pressed suits while you're still in curlers, trying to snatch a quick lunch in the kitchen. At our house, the invitation list remains in a state of flux until the last minute, depending on sore throats, measles, and certain intimate relationships between my child and other members of Grade One.

With the first violent ringing of the

front doorbell, steady that sudden swooping feeling in your midriff, and try to appear calm. At this point my Barbara abandons any manners she ever learned, and with a curt "Hi" snatches presents from bestowing hands without further formality.

"Aw, I already got this coloring book," she reports graciously to one. "Not more hankies," she sighs, gesturing the luckless donor inward.

This is a half hour when you help wiggling forms out of coats and rubbers or overshoes (it inevitably rains or snows on birthdays), and receive an arctic stare for your pains. Presently, however, all are assembled, and there is a short respite while little girls cluster in a tight group in one corner, and scowling boys dig hands deep in their pockets, and lean against the far wall. But festivities get rolling when a temperamental towhead flings a comic book at a shy infant, who abruptly flops on the floor, sobbing for home and mother. A couple of redblooded men teethed on Gene Autry matinees start shooting it out around the Christmas tree, and a few of the more aggressive demand their presents back.

Now show the stuff you're made of! Pry little Jerome away from the piano and start The Games. The jelly bean set in which my offspring moves has strong opinions as to what games should be played at parties, and are quick to denounce all quiet forms of entertainment. Therefore, blind man's buff, a button hunt, and musical chairs follow

Continued on page 46



THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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Reader Takes Over

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Wanted Strong Families

Dear Editor; The editorial, "What Makes a Family Strong." in September Chatelaine is outstanding, and we, the British Columbia Parent-Teacher Federation, would like permission to reprint it.

As Literature convenor it is part of my duties to select short articles that appear in current publications, seek the author's permission to reprint them and make them available to our membership of 21,000 . . .

The war has taught us many things, among them the power of the homemakers, who with your excellent guidance, were able to keep the home front on an even keel. Should you be kind enough to grant permission to mimeograph your editorial it would become part of the permanent reference material of our Literature Library . . .

-Mrs. F. S. Williams,

New Westminster, B.C.

Action Now!

Dear Editor: Upon reading the article, "It Could Happen to You," in October Chatelaine, I was struck with the statement, "If you don't decide now that these men who make up the governments of nations must stop their squabbling and live at peace with one another . . ." That is the women's job. We must band together and make men understand that they have got to find some other means of settling things than by fighting. This is the only solution to the problem of war.

Why don't we all get together and do it now, as the author of that tragic soul-shaking article says, when the scientifically arranged slaughter of the world's peoples again seems so imminent?

Is there no movement afoot, and if not, couldn't it be organized at once before it is too late? Surely we should be stirred to action instead of waiting while the heads of nations manoeuvre us into disaster.

—Mrs. J. McLeod, Edmonto, Alia.

Those Peanuts!

Dear Editor: The interesting article, "\$50 a Week in New York Is Peanuts," in the September Chatelaine reaches many conclusions with which I agree.

You write about sharing an apartment, and say it "is generally the most pleasant, spacious, independent, yet companionable way of living." this I am also in agreement. Continuing, you say, "In any event, assuming you allow yourself a minimum of \$13 weekly for a room." It will probably surprise you to learn that I could show you three rooms and bath apartments in New York City in an excellent neighborhood that rent for \$60 per month, which would make the cost for two people only \$7.50 a week. As you know, apartments are scarce in New York City, as in other large cities in the States and Canada, but occasionally an apartment is available.

Probably you know that there is a

ceiling on rents in New York, but the landlord can obtain an increase of 15% on the ceiling rent if the tenant agrees to the increase. As a matter of fact, these \$60 apartments in October 1, 1947, rented for only \$55, but the landlord obtained a 10% increase in rent from the tenants and gave two-year leases.

—Allen Ralph Korn, New York City.

Canadian Designer Writes

Dear Editor: I have just gone through every page of your October number and I would like to broadcast to every Canadian woman that she should read the NEW CHATELAINE

You certainly should have tremendous success with the young girls as well as the mothers, for I think that it holds its own and is superior to many of the American magazines that are now read.

I think your special teen-age article should be reprinted and sent to every university and high school in the country. In fact, there is so much in this October issue and you have set such a high standard that it is going to keep every member of your staff working to live up to it. —Rose Marie Reid, Vancouver, B.C.

Ed.'s Note: The staff says it's a long-term plan, Rose Marie Reid theme—"Every issue better than the one before."

The Girl on the Magazine Cover

Dear Editor: The girl on the cover of September Chatelaine was a knockout, but the minx on the October issue is the heartbreaker I'd vote to be shipwrecked on a desert island with . . . Ah me, lucky the artist who meets such beautiful gals.

—John McKay, Halifax, N.S.

Ed.'s Note: But—How did you like November? She is the artist's wife!

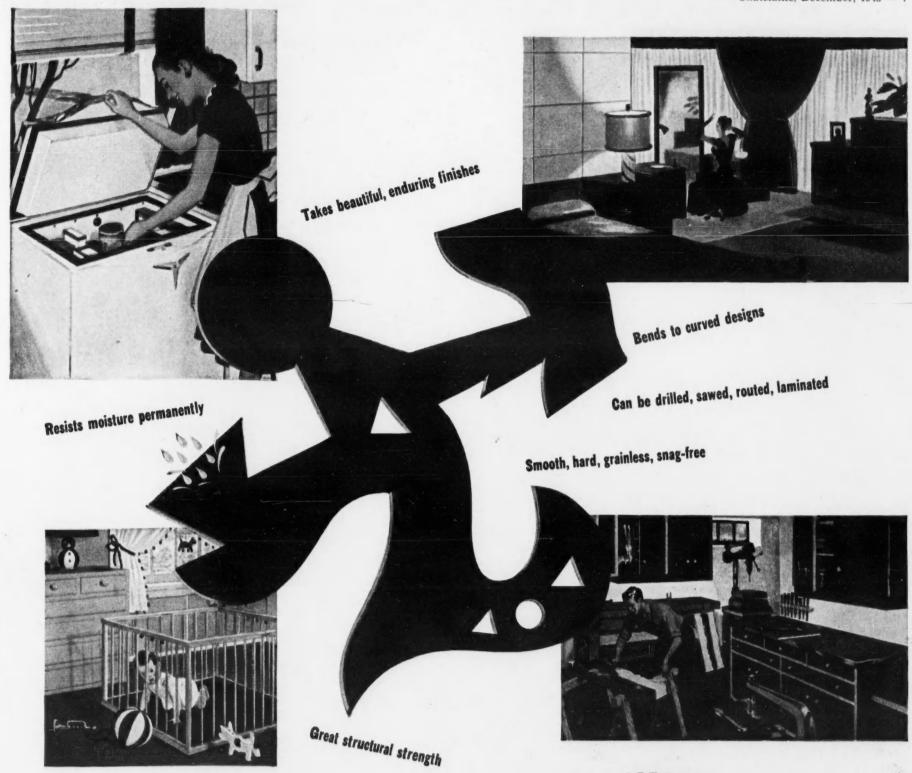
Family Like "Love Story"

Dear Editor: Regarding the letter by Louise Griffith in Sept. issue, it is natural that the Dickson family would be the most critical readers of "Love Story Without Words." I would like you to know that my brother, sisters and myself could find nothing "unspeakably awful" in Miss Dempsey's handling of our parents' story.

Even finding two years added to my age—a typographical error, no doubt—did not in any way change my opinion that Miss Dempsey had used tact, kindly understanding and excellent taste in every part of the story.

-Mrs. Carl Kennedy Amberstburg, Ont.

Ed.'s Note: The Mary Louise Edmonds whose name appeared on the letter "Romance Isn't Easy" in the November issue, is not the Mary Louise Edmonds of 287 Inglewood Drive, Toronto. It was a nom de plume.

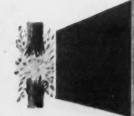


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THE LEADING HARDBOARD

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Edthe the lary rood de de



Where there's Coca-Cola there's Hospitality

Canadian Christmas 1948

od bless and make our Christmas bright As a tall candle in the night,

A beacon lit to guide the blind Uncertain footsteps of mankind.

Give answer to the hope that lies Tremulous, in children's eyes,

May joy be to the veteran, joy To dreaming girl and eager boy –

To each young wife from oversea, New-planted like a flowering tree –

To the clear eyes and steady hands Of immigrants from many lands.

Let it be green or frosty weather, Little we'll care who keep together

Our Christmas at a hearth that glows With ruddier crimson than the rose,

Our Christmas at a hearth where come All bloods, all creeds, to be at home!



Written for Chatelaine by the Canadian poet
AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN



Duchess of the Kitchen

by Helen Hofmann Pope

Illustrated by Walter Heffron

WERE a happy family, but none of us was blessed with domestic talents. Pa was a lawyer and Ma an interior decorator. She was usually late getting home from her office and then we had scrambled eggs or a sketchy meal whipped together out of tins. Pa tried to be mother's help.

"Where is the bread knife?" he asked, bursting with efficiency.

"I cut some flowers with it," brother Eddy answered, eagerly cleaning the knife on his pants. "Here it is."

"How often have I told you . . ." Pa started, but Eddy interrupted innocently: "I couldn't find another knife and flowers have to be on the table. Ma loves them." We all were fond of flowers. They blossomed bravely in our garden, though nobody troubled about them. Neither our family nor our flowers were pampered.

During the meal I would borrow Eddy's spoon, but I couldn't enjoy it for long because Pa took it from me to stir his tea and then Ma would say, "Please, darling, let me have your spoon for a moment." Until Pa shouted: "Do we really only have one poor single lonely spoon in this house? Is that spoon an orphan?"

"Oh, we have dozens of them, as far as I remember," Ma boasted. "I don't know their whereabouts. They're in the sink probably. None of us had time to wash breakfast dishes."

"What breakfast are you talking about?" Pa asked sarcastically. "All our earthly belongings are piled up in the kitchen sink and buried for good."

"I'll wash up right away," Ma answered guiltily. She left her eggs

and moved to the sink, looking so tired and worn out I had to push her back: "Sit down, Ma. I'll wash them."

"I'm the best dishwasher in the family," Eddy announced and kicked us away.

"You all have your dinner. I'm washing the dishes," Pa ordered.

As we couldn't decide who should wash the dishes we all sat down again and ate scrambled eggs and burned toast. The dishes remained in the sink.

"Let's have fruit salad now," Ma suggested. "Eddy, go to the back door where the grocer leaves his delivery. We'll say a prayer meanwhile that nobody has stolen the tins."

"You shouldn't tempt people and leave things unwatched," Pa said.

"But you know, dear, that he has to leave them there as nobody is at home when he delivers."

Eddy came back with the tins and Ma cried out, delighted: "Now you see. People are decent and honest."

"Nobody would be silly enough to steal this kind of food," Pa grumbled. "Well, that's my daily dinner and that's what I'm working for."

Ma's eyes were filled with tears: "I'm a very poor housewife, I know. I'm only an artist. You would be happier with another mother"

"No, no," all three of us chorused. "We wouldn't want another mother. We would throw her out. We • Continued on page 58

From Toronto, believe it or not, comes this rarest of editorial finds - - - a love story crammed with laughter

VOU and your husband's Boss

Maybe you've never met him. But to the Chief you are often the deciding factor when promotions are in prospect. Here are some definite ideas by top-flight executives on a wife's place in her husband's job

by Gertrude Stayner

E LEANED against the kitchen door and watched her extracting salmon from a can. "Hi," he said. "Hi," she chirruped happily. "Darling, you don't mind supper in the kitchen, do you? We're in a hurry. Don and Mary are coming over at eight."

"What are Don and Mary coming for?"

"Bridge—Mary phoned today and it's been such ages . . ."
"But Ann—I told you, I have that work from the office to finish up tonight . . ."

"Oh, Joe!" It was a long, elaborate groan. "For heaven's sake, don't start that again!"

This may sound like the beginning of just another healthy family row. But in the opinion of a lot of important executives who ought to know—as well as industrial psychologists and employment officials—it is far more than that. It is probably the biggest single reason why our Joe will be working at his present very junior post five years from now—while other men have shot ahead. And ironically enough, it is also the reason why his wife will probably regard him with somewhat narrowed eyes, wondering why other men can get promotions and Joe can't.

For the men on the top rung are convinced that the wife in the case is one of the biggest stumbling blocks—or, when she's clever and eager to help, one of the most valuable assets—any young man can have in the eyes of his boss.

She Has to See Mama

It can't be as simple as that, you think. But men like Dr. Herbert Moore, one of the country's leading industrial psychologists, who help hundreds of bosses every year select the right man for the job, say loudly and unequivocably—"Yes!"

When a man with ability, ititiative and ambition does not advance in his job, it can, very frequently, be attributed directly to the fact that his particular Ann asked Don and Mary over for bridge the night he needed just a little extra time for his job to give him a slight edge over the other young men struggling for the next toehold up. Or that Ann has to see Mama who has had tonsilitis—and after all, she can't go all the way out there by herself at night . . . And Ann must visit with Sue and Jerry. They're only in town for two days, and

it certainly wouldn't hurt Joe . . . And Ann is dying to go off for a week end of skiing with the old crowd. And, good heavens, one week end . . . And Ann has been tied down with the baby all day and she hasn't been dancing since before she can remember . . . and wouldn't you think Joe would realize . . .

He Must Have Time

In short, Ann's social aspirations interfere with Joe's job. Ann would probably argue this point heatedly. For Ann is a fine girl. She is completely wrapped up in her husband, his hopes, his dreams, his ambitions. She would do anything in the world to assure his success. And yet she consistently does the *one* thing that will, in time, assure his failure. She refuses to allow him the freedom in his leisure hours for the extra work and the extra study that give a man the extra something the Boss is looking for when a better job opens up.

Chatelaine went to the wives, too—those quiet, gracious well-dressed women whose husbands sit behind doors marked "president" and "manager." You didn't have to ask them —you just had to observe how they had learned, over the years, to put their husbands' work first.

"The thing is, thousands of young wives think a man's job is something that happens between nine a.m. and five p.m." said one of them, whose husband's firm is a household word coast to coast. "After that they feel he should be free to devote himself entirely to his home duties and social obligations. I realized very early in our marriage that John's work was going to be on his mind most of the time. And that if I wanted him to get to the top, I had to fall in with that idea.



Photograph by Rice & Bell



Miss Spratt by LICY CORES

HEN Professor Emory Gideon proposed to Katie, she thought, with a little gust of anger, that it was just another of his salty academic jokes. Also that it was the last straw. Everything that had happened lately was making her unhappy and self-conscious: the latest batch of girls her mother had hired to help wait on the tables were a skinny lot; her two best friends in rapid succession got married; and she found that the only dresses that would fit her were in the larger women's department, a dispiriting discovery for a girl of 22.

She had never before felt as badly about being fat. Her innate cheerfulness had made life easier for her than it usually is for fat girls, both in high school and in college, where she was fairly happy and active except around prom times, and even then somebody was sure to turn up, reluctant but game, because Katie was such a good egg. But after she graduated and came back to the home town she suddenly got a panicky feeling that she was set for good and not in a very attractive mold. Even her mother stopped saying "puppy fat," and took to saying "glands," in a resigned manner. She became conscious of her exclusion from the unobtrusive but intense process of selection and mating that went on among the boys and girls she had known from childhood. It could very well be, she realized, that she would go on for the rest of her life teaching in the normal school in winter and helping her mother with her boardinghouse in the summer and during holidays. Professor Gideon was the first man to propose to her even in a joke.

Now he broke into her resentful silence, smiling at her around the inevitable pipe, "How about it, Katie? No word from you? Not even 'this is so sudden."

"It is sudden, Professor," said Katie, "and a little unkind, if it's your idea of a joke. I have feelings, you know."

"So have I, Katie," said the Professor. "That's precisely what I've been trying to convey to you."

Katie looked at him and her eyes, which were dark and soft and quite beautiful, grew large with shock.

"Why, Professor," she said, stunned, "you—you really mean it." "Yes, I really do," said Professor Gideon. He swelled a little, pleased with her humble astonishment. "Call me Emory."

Katie did, obediently and tremulously. It had never occurred to her to see romantic possibilities in Emory Gideon. True, the Professor, definitely not a social mixer, had distinguished her by his attentions all during the past summer and these attentions did not cease when he came back for the Christmas vacation. But she had thought he liked to talk to her because she liked to listen. Now in a flash everything was different. One moment he was Professor Gideon, a distinguished summer visitor who wrote books on anthropology and made exotic trips and liked his hamburgers just this side of rare. The next moment his slightly receding sandy hair and intellectual puss had become suffused in the same cloud of glory that had hidden King Cophetua from his beggar maid.

Mrs. Emory Gideon, the wife of Professor of the Anthropology Department.

Katie's mother was pleased but not precisely rocked to her foundations with delight, taking the position that the Professor was the lucky one.

"Funny," said Mrs. Prouty reflectively, "those skinny sarcastic high-strung men will do it every time—pick a comfortable sort of woman. To cushion their nerves, I suppose. Your father always told me, 'Don't you dare lose weight, Tillie, I like you the way you are.' Not that I could lose weight. Glands. When is the wedding to be, then?"

Not for a while, it turned out. In February the Professor was going to Haiti, where he was going to spend the next eight months getting data for his coming opus, "The Witch Doctor in our Civilization." Katie, unlike the heroine of the * Continued on page 26







This is the heart-warming story

of a child whose secret world held

a bright shining light . . . when

all around her was darkness

By STEWART TOLAND

Illustrated by Jack Bush

HERE WAS August in the air. A golden dawning not yet tarnished by the noises, the smells, the blasting, imprisoned heat of an ageing day. There was the silent street with blank, silent houses perched close on either side, old brick with high stoops and "Rooms for Rent" signs, and fenced off squares of cement in front with garbage cans in them. Behind the rustiest of all these fences was a little girl. She was sitting quietly, staring up at the sun with strange vacant eyes. Leaning over the fence was a thin young man dressed in blue.

"Hello, little girl. My, but you are up early!"

She jumped, she was that startled she rattled the lid she was sitting on. "I always get up early, as soon as I feel the sun come into my room. It creeps into bed with me, did you know that? And then I get up to play with it." She dimpled shyly. "What's your name?".

"Jim Duncan. What's yours?"

"Cynthianna."

"Cynthianna, that's a pretty name. Do you know who I am?"
"No."

"I'm the new policeman for this block. I'm going to be here every day, so you see we'll get to be very good friends."

A slow, wondering smile caught at her words. "We'll be friends? Honest and truly friends?"

"Honest and truly."

"Then please let me feel your badge? The other policeman was always so busy I never got to feel his badge."

"Feel along, little girl, but mind you don't get it dirty. It's almost brand-new."

Little fingers touched his chest, ran up it quickly to stop on the silvery shield like the brush of fairy wings, so light, so graceful, tracing each number, each bit of shiny carving.

"You're quite the nicest policeman I've ever known. Have you always been a policeman?"

"Well, no, I've been wearing a different blue for quite a while now, I guess about most all your life. How old are you?" "I'm six."

"Then you were born after I went away and now I'm back, and you are six."

She didn't ask where he had gone. She didn't boast about the wonder of being six. There was only one thing to think about, one thing to dream about. "I wonder, are you awfully busy this morning?"

"I'm not busy at all. I don't begin my tour for a long time. I came early my first day to kind of look around."

"Then would you take me to see the elephants?"

"Well!" The young man laughed, not only with his lips, loud, good laughter, but with his eyes that were blue and deep as the sea. "Being friends with you is rather a large order, isn't it?"

"Oh, please, it isn't very far, it's only six blocks straight up the street to the zoo. All the children in our block have seen the elephants except me, and I've wanted to all my life."

"Why doesn't your father take you?"

"Because he's a sailor and the last time he was here I was sick, and the time before that mamma was sick. She died. That's why I board with Mrs. Milick. Daddy pays her and he writes me letters every week and it's very nice, only Mrs. Milick doesn't like elephants."

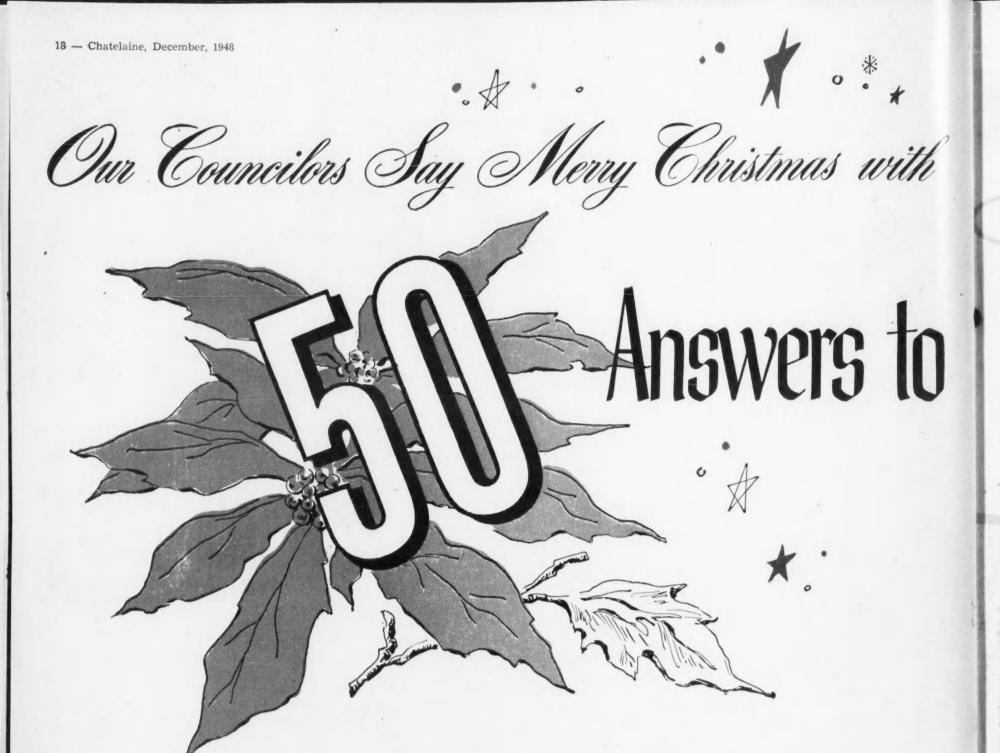
"I shouldn't take you, you know, not without asking her."
"Don't ask her! Please don't ask her! Because she won't let me go."

AFTERWARD he didn't know what it was that made him say yes. Maybe it was because her father was a sailor and Jim Duncan had been in the navy. Maybe it was the way she was jumping up and down, like a tumbling, begging puppy. But mostly it was because of the way he had seen her first, sitting all alone in the sun. Waiting.

"All right, Cynthianna, I'll take you, but let me just write a note and slip it under the door." He ran up the stairs and inside the hall and then he rang Mrs. Milick's bell.

She was in curl papers and a dirty wrapper and her tongue was sharp. "What's the idea ringing bells at this hour? Oh, it's a.cop!" Her voice rose higher and higher. "Is there something wrong?"

"No, ma'am. I just have to . Continued on page 37



We ASKED our 2,000 councilors for "something that could be whipped up in a hurry."

Most of them sat right down and with words and tricky drawings sketched for us the handmade gifts that had brought them the most pleasure.

One thing we learned from our councilors was that many women have a feeling and love for personally made Christmas gifts. High on the list are tasty foods—baskets of candies, preserves, jellies, cookies and cakes. Knitted socks, mitts and sweaters. Crocheted, embroidered and sewn articles. Gifts of plant bulbs in gaily decorated pots. Homegrown and dried herbs in attractive jars. Bags, aprons and place mats of many designs.

Felt and plastic seem to be two of the favorite working materials.

These Christmas "specials" are easily and quickly made. Try them and see for yourself.

A GIFT NIGHTIE. (Mrs. George F. Watts, Montreal.) This can be made in a couple of hours. Buy enough material for double the length required. Cut it in half, crosswise for a front and back section, first snipping off a strip to use for straps, unless you prefer ribbon or lace. Make French seams down the sides. Hem the bottom. Stitch beading around waistline and top. Gather

to any desired size by running ribbon through beadings. Especially pretty in nainsook, crepe or satin. (Sketch No. 1.) All sketches on page 72

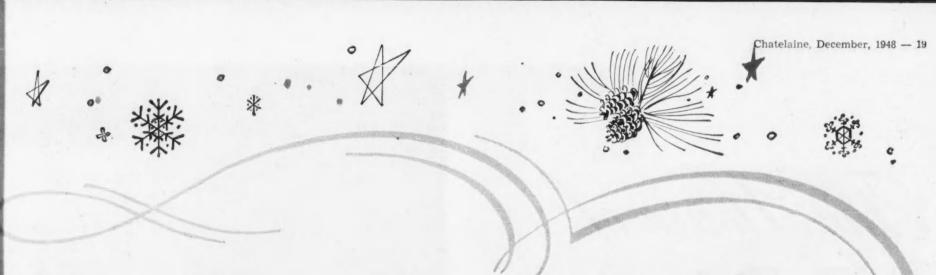
SERVING TRAY. (Mrs. K. R. J. Scobie, Ottawa.) With very little effort you can make a smart serving tray which can be used, along with a camp stool, as a coffee table. Four trays can be made from a sheet of masonite which costs under \$5. Have it cut into 24-inch circles when you buy it. Drill six holes at even intervals around the circumference, about one inch from the edge, large enough to pass a piece of strong cord through. You will require about eight feet of 5%-inch rope for each tray. Paint the masonite a pastel color in enamel. Paint rope white. Attach the rope around the edge of the tray by winding cord around it and through drilled holes. Make two handles at opposite ends of the tray by looping the rope and fastening it with the cord. Apply a decal in the centre, or decorate as you like. A coat of plastic or clear varnish makes the surface more durable. For base, paint camp stool to match. Handy for carrying lunch out to garden. (Sketch No. 2.)

FOR A TRAVELER. (Mrs. H. H. Mortimer, Port Daniel, Que.) A toilet bag made from plastic

is appreciated by men and women who travel a good deal. Cut and fold a piece 20 inches by 12 inches as shown. Edge and divide with bias tape. Paint initials on outside. A smaller bag can be made for powder, lipstick and other toiletries for a handbag. (Sketch No. 3.)

EYEGLASS CASE. (Mrs. D. S. Copus, Toronto.) Cut four pieces of felt into shape shown in sketch, about 6½ inches by 3 inches. Embroider eyebrows and lashes as shown, with 6-strand floss. Set two pieces together around the end marked "opening." Do the same with the other two pieces. Stitch four pieces together, leaving case open at one end. Edges may be pinked or whipped with embroidery floss. They are gay for young or old. (Sketch No. 4.)

CIRCULAR KNITTING CASE. (Mrs. F. W. Barrett, Binscarth, Man.) Use the roll of cardboard that comes around calendars, or make one yourself. Take a piece of flowered cretonne wide enough to go around the roll and stitch up side to make a tubular covering. Put the roll inside. Cut out circles of cardboard to fit top and bottom. Cover with cretonne. Sew a piece of elastic to the middle of one circle and bring it up through the roll and sew to the middle of the second



Your Most Urgent Problem



you can make in a jiffy brought to you by clever and ingenious women from east to west. Tricky, gay, desirable . . . and designed to beat the high cost of giving

circle. Sew the bottom circle to the tube, and leave the top circle loose. Put on a handle. All one has to do is to pop the needles into it and the elastic will keep the lid on.

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CHILD'S FELT PURSE. (Mrs. G. W. Robertson, Halifax.) This is shaped like a small drum and is very popular. Cut two round pieces of felt about six inches in diameter, a narrow band to make the circular sides, and a handle, as shown in sketch. Sew zipper into centre of straight band. Join the two circles with band, leaving opening at top on either side of zipper for handle. Sides may be pinked before they are stitched together, or oversewn. Decorate with a small bell, cut from felt with round metal bells for clappers. (Sketch No. 5.)

YOUR SPECIAL RECIPES. (Mrs. Hazel Fuller, Montreal.) In a small notebook write out your own very special recipes, and send it along with a sample of one of the recipes, to taste.

BABY SITTING SPECIAL. (Mrs. Evelyn Cooney, Okanagan Centre, B.C.) Send half a dozen cards, each one an IOU for one baby-sitting period, afternoons or evenings. Young mothers will love them.

LUNCHEON MATS. Scores of Councilors suggested luncheon mats as attractive gifts. Use any material which fringes easily. Cut in size desired. Double stitch around each one about two inches from edge, and fringe. They are very good looking. Some councilors cut them from plastic or decorative oilcloth, and pink the edges

FOR CHILDREN. (Mrs. Oliver Woods, Carman, Man.) A homemade blackboard is a welcome gift for youngsters, or as a bulletin board in the kitchen or recreation room. Easily made of plywood. Paint with two coats of stove enamel or blackboard paint. Finish around edge with narrow strips of plywood, painted. Don't forget the box of chalk.

WAGON CUSHIONS. (Mrs. F. C. Armstrong, Toronto.) Mrs. Armstrong tells us that these have proved very popular at her home. Make them of felt in two tones. Cut 15-in. squares and stitch them together with light padding in centre to cushion them.

TOYS FOR THE VERY YOUNG. (Mrs. S. O. Roe, Toronto.) Very small children often enjoy playing with old cans and homemade toys, rather than bought things. Collect several cans which will

fit into one another. Paint each can with a bright-colored nonpoisonous paint. (Be sure there are no sharp edges.) Paint a dozen clothespins (the straight variety). Little children will have hours of pleasure fitting cans into one another and lining up clothespins around the edge.

SHOE COVERS. (Mrs. G. I. Chatterton, Toronto.) Make these from crash, denim or plastic. Cut each shoe cover in a long oval about 19 inches by 6 inches. Make pocket for shoe about 7 inches deep. Bind with bias tape and sew straps about 4½ inches from end. (Sketch No. 6.)

STOCKING DRYERS. Scores of councilors make stocking dryers by attaching half a dozen spring clothespins to a clothes hanger with ribbon or tape.

POUCH BAGS. (Mrs. B. M. Bower, Ottawa.) These pouch workbags were made for the W. A. last year and sold easily for \$3.50 each, she tells us. One yard of felt will make four bags. Cut in strips 22 inches long and about 14 inches deep. Cut the top into five scallops as shown in sketch. Pink edges, or oversew in buttonhole stitch. Cut piece of felt into an oval 10½ inches by 7½ inches, for the base. Stitch

Continued on page 70

The House of Italians

by John Caulfield Smith,

Home Planning Editor

This is the hilltop dream home of a young Dundas, Ontario, couple, who bolstered their limited budget with limitless imagination, and worked on a largely "do-it-yourself" plan

A handy pass counter with sliding doors of Iluted glass eases service between kitchen and adjoining dining area.

This handsome, homemade lamp is built of wood base, glass brick block, rod and lampshade frame and butcher string. It took a pound and a half of string and three hours of winding to create the shade. The string may be left natural or painted with enamel or lacquer.

The Coffey's had an architect draw up the floor plan, which they had worked out themselves. The spacious living room, with its wide view windows and modern fireplace on wall opposite, is ideal for the entertaining both enjoy. The fireplace woodbox can be filled from the hallway, and records in the record player can be changed from that side as well. Two bedrooms and bath are at right of entrance vestibule, and the small hallway provides utility cabinets and storage cupboards. Twoway cupboards between kitchen and dining area can be opened from either side.



Solar heating utilizes dramatic windows, and step-up connects distinctive living and dining sections. Flush lights are set in ceiling.



Fluorescent light above the handy kitchen snack bar is an eye-saver. Mrs. Coffey made the curtains from fish net; husband Ray topped 79-cent stools with leatherette.

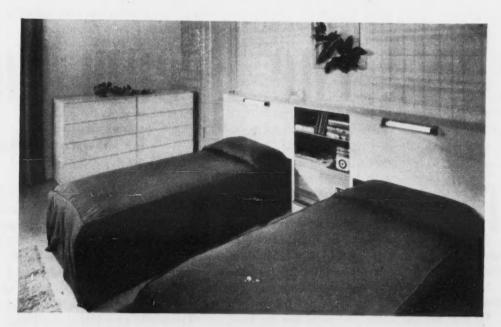
A place for everything. Knives and scissors are held safely on magnetized strip on side of cabinets, which have masonite doors and adjustable shelves.

OUR BOOKS, they say, tell people what you are. In the Ray Coffeys' hilltop home near Dundas, Ont., bookcases bulge with well-thumbed volumes on decorating, gardening and handicrafts. Obviously, this couple make their home their hobby—and have a lot of fun at it!

Though their income is limited, their imagination is limitless, and the Coffeys have thought up a number of moneysaving ideas, many of which the average I'll-do-it-myself decorator can copy. Good-looking lamps, fireplace benches, curtains and coffee table—this resourceful pair have made 'em all!

When holidaying, Audrey spotted sardine fishnet selling at \$1.60 a pound in Saint John, N.B., and lost no time in buying a supply. Back home she cut and dyed it bright red, hung it at her kitchen windows against the yellow walls. Now she has distinctive curtains, and no ironing problem!

"No ironing" necessarily appeals to this energetic brunette, for besides running her home, Mrs. Coffey holds a full-time job. Furniture and decor have been kept simple, without sacrificing either comfort or beauty. The basic color scheme throughout is beige, brown, yellow and green. The floor covering is easy-to-clean marboleum, and furniture surfaces are waxed for quicker dusting.



Ray Coffey built this good-looking headboard with convenient fluorescent lights, radio and book shelves. Mrs. C. framed artificial ivy for wall decoration, and added touch to twin chests.



The Dream Goes Round

by Mona Williams

HE GIRL'S profile, behind the wheel of the car, was both serene and alert. John was agreeably aware of the competence of her driving in the nine o'clock traffic, and of the custom-made leather upholstery of the open car, almost hot in the spring sun.

She was going to get him to the station in plenty of time for his train. She was not the kind of a girl who missed trains, or forgot her car keys, or ever had to stop for directions. She didn't muss easily. Even the fresh wind, streaking her hair back from her face, slicked it clean as a brush.

He stretched out his long legs and deliberately relaxed. He supposed the reason he kept thinking about Millie was that meeting a girl like this—out loud he still stuck to Miss Parnell, but he was beginning to think of her as Eleanor—well, she served to point up the haphazard way that Millie moved through life.

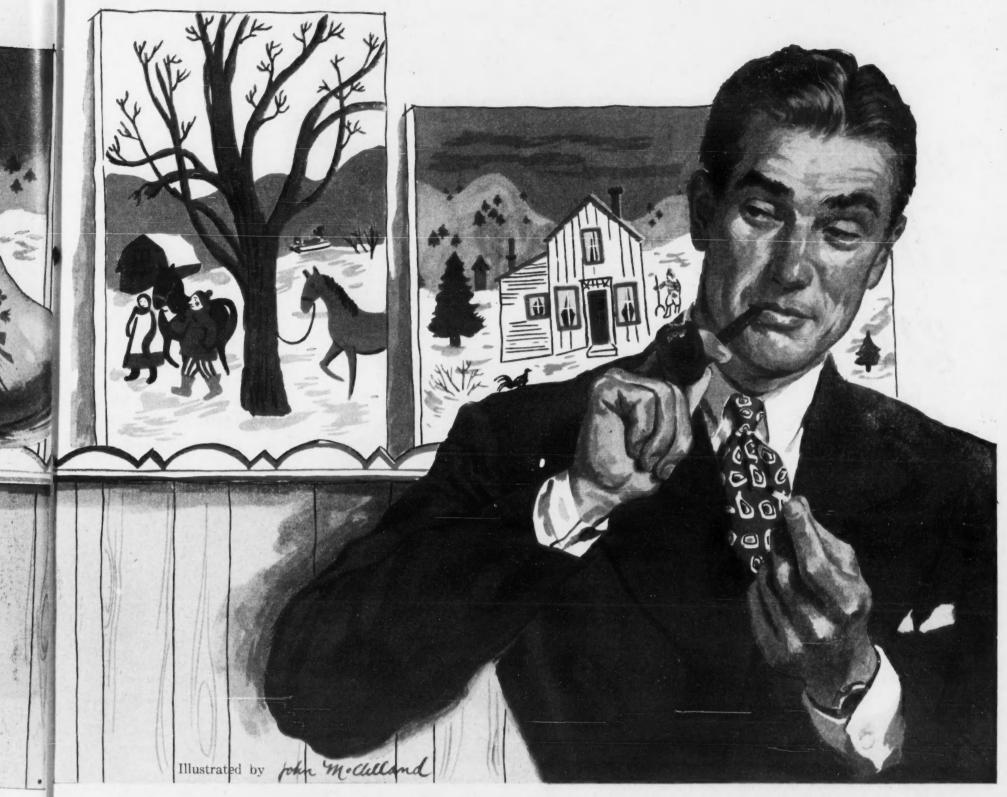
The girl glanced at her watch. "Five after. You would have had loads of time for that second cup of coffee."

She was right about everything. "I know," he agreed. "It seemed more of a trip driving

out to your house in a taxi yesterday afternoon.22

Also, he remembered, he was so preoccupied yesterday with how he was going to put himself over with her father that he wasn't registering distance. It was his first important assignment, and he'd been all steamed up about it. For no reason. Mr. Parnell had been ripe fruit ready to fall into John's hand.

It was simply a bad habit, this getting jumpy about catching trains, about business, and what kind of an impression he was going to make. The truth was, he was so used to worrying about Millie



Millie waved the water pitcher recklessly, her voice sharp with scorn. "Greeting cards! Why some day people will come from all over the country to see her paintings."

that, now she was out of the picture, he turned it on himself. Dumb stupid habit. All right, that was the first thing to change. He was going to be clear-eyed and clear-headed and stay on the alkaline side.

MILLIE WAS confused about everything. Sometimes he had thought she liked being confused, just as she liked being nearsighted. She had big starry eyes, dusky-blue like grapes, and she wouldn't wear glasses because everything looked so wonderful to her. She had tried glasses once and was horrified to discover that the moon was a hard little core of light instead of a beautiful haloed dazzle. And the things she said were all of a piece with this ridiculous attitude.

Once when they were dancing to one of those Strauss waltzy things that move into you like a cocktail taken intravenously, she had stopped short and looked up at him, the grape-blue eyes all dewy, and said, "That's it, Johnnie—that's what I want."

"What?" he had demanded, "what do you want?"

"You can't say it with words. Only with music. That sweet, lost stranglehold on delight."

Well. Almost any answer you made to a remark like that would make you feel about as sensitive and lilting as a head of cabbage.

And that time her Aunt Floss had taken her to Florida, and he had gone down to get her, and she had taken him walking through an orange grove one evening when the blossoms were in bloom. They had moved in fragrance as though it were an element, the wonderful smell was everywhere, and Millie had whispered, "We'll never get it, Johnnie, but the wanting will go on forever. That's the important thing; that's what makes you know you're alive."

He hadn't known what she meant then, and he didn't know now. All he knew was that two weeks ago he and Millie were going to be married, and now they were not, and that was probably very fortunate because Millie was bad for him. She worried him like a tune that sings itself over and over inside your head. Nothing will obliterate it except a new tune.

He said abruptly • Continued on page 65

"now
that I'm
growing
old"



An interview with ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

by Lotta Dempsey

One of the world's best-loved women knits in her easy chair at Hyde Park and talks about husband, children and what she's learned from life

O HEAR Herman, the mail station messenger at Hyde Park, you'd get the impression the Roosevelts were just another family of good solid Dutchess County citizens. Ones who happened, it is true (in the 40-odd years he'd known them) to be away from home oftener and in larger spells than most.

Herman appeared to be the only living creature abroad the morning I arrived, via creaking early local from Albany, New York, at the little Hyde Park station. Of taxis, buses, streetcars there were none. It took some persuasion to convince him, as he loaded groceries and mail for the Roosevelts into his 1937 Plymouth coach, that I had been invited to visit Mrs. Roosevelt at Val-Kill Cottage, her own place up the hill; and that I wouldn't be wiser to just wait around until 11 and take the regular tourist bus for a look at the museum that was once the big Roosevelt mansion, and then go on back home. It was only after I had produced letters with the unmistakable small but forceful signature of the late President's wife that he reluctantly packed me in among the bundles.

"She's owned the cottage for years," he said, as we headed toward the rolling countryside of upper New York State, its crisp white farmhouses and great estates flanked by spreading trees. "But hardly anybody except her folks and the neighbors go up. She used to slip away there f'r a little peace and quiet after they'd been stuck in Washington for a while, or had a raft of company at the big place here. Now she just lives there most of the year 'round. Except for the New York apartment, and when she's off in Europe or some such place.'

"Nice folks, the Roosevelts. Always called me Herman when they were alone—but if any of those bigwig politicians or foreigners were around, it was Mister. Yes, sir. Franklin was as clever as they come, too. Knew how to referee a baseball game with the best—used to watch him in the old days before he took sick, out at the high school. And I wish you could of heard the speech he made when we opened the town post office."

Herman forced his breath sharply through his teeth in appreciative recollection.

We turned from the highway and drove in silence along a country road bordered with wild flowers; curving through grain and garden fields, to twist suddenly around a lily-flecked pond. Just above could be glimpsed two stone cottagrs—and as we took the road to the higher and smaller, a neat white sign came into view, reading, "Careful. Children and horses."

"I wouldn't stay long," Herman offered. "She's pretty busy right now."

I nodded quickly. "I know . . . the autobiography. And of course her newspaper column . . . and her work for the United Nations and . . ."

"Raspberries." He interrupted dryly. "It's raspberry season and she's got quite a pile of bushes up here to be picked before they drop. And the grandchildren. Never been less'n eight to 10 a week between her place and Elliott's farther along the road there all summer."

He swung the car around to the back door and with a series of lurches and wheezes brought it to

* Continued on page 47





Miss Spratt

Continued from page 15

sprightly romance, would not go to Haiti with him. It was obvious that the presence of any wife, and particularly an overweight one, would be hampering to a practicing anthropologist. The way he planned it, Katie could come down to the University town to keep him company until he went and to get an idea of the background into which she would be expected to fit. After he left, she could move into his apartment and stay as long as she wanted, soaking up still more of the academic atmosphere which would be her element. They would marry immediately upon his return.

Katie, vibrating with incredulous gratitude, had grandiose visions of a wedding in the university chapel with herself in white and wearing her mother's veil, but the Professor disposed of that idea in short order.

"Frankly, my dear," he remarked.
"I'm afraid the sight of you bearing down on me all in white might unnerve me."

After a minute Katherine laughed with him and agreed. "But even if I'm not much of a bride," she said to herself, "I certainly intend to be a good wife."

IN THIS SPIRIT she finished her term and went to visit the Professor. In the beginning she was tremulously thankful

for her great good fortune and everything was bathed in rosy light: the small room in the women's dormitory that Professor Gideon had wangled for her; his bachelor diggings near the campus. ("I trust," Emory had said waggishly the first time she visited him, "that you won't insist on

my carrying you over the threshold when we're married"); the classroom in which he lectured.

living

She was a little disappointed at the sparseness of their social life. This was post-exam time and the girls in the dormitory fluttered in anticipation of proms and teas. Naturally those were out of her province. But there were invitations to various faculty functions which her fiance disregarded, not so much because he was busy preparing for his trip as because he disliked those academic gatherings which he characterized unkindly as "assemblages of none-too-effective witch doctors."

The invitation to the Dean's cocktail party, however, couldn't be so easily ignored. Katie bought a new dress on the strength of it: black, modestly sprinkled with sequins and with a voluminous skirt. "This type of skirt is good for a figure like yours," the saleswoman had told her. "People don't know whether it's you or the skirt, and you get the benefit of the doubt." Katie, surveying herself dubiously in the mirror, thought that the saleswoman was being optimistic. There would never be doubt it was Katie and not the skirt.

"Anyhow it's black, and black is supposed to make you look thinner," she told Emory on the way to the party. Emory shook his head with benevolent regret. "Abandon those fond hopes," he told her cheerfully. "All that black does for a fat woman is make her look in mourning for her lost figure."

The cocktail party was a dismal flop, at least as far as Katherine was concerned. She sat numbly in a chair holding a limp canapé in one hand and a Martini in the other, while her fiance stood behind her, sarcastically surveying the mild academic flutter of professors at play. Katie felt isolated and freakish, a dumpy failure. The black dress had no slimming effect whatsoever, and the topknot into which she had so painstakingly coaxed her straight hair had slipped down to a dispirited bun.

She listened dismally to the faculty wives talking their own special kind of shop, that seemed to cover equally the campus and the fireside, a lively obbligato to their husbands' deeper tones. They were all gay and presentable and sure of themselves. Basically, Katie thought, she was like them, she talked their language. But right now any social gift she may have had was hidden, buried as if in a tub of lard, in the unhappy awareness that she could make two of almost any woman in the room.

She woke up from her bitter reverie to find Emory introducing her to a tall dark-haired young man.

"Katherine, this is Dickson Everett. Everett, meet my bride-to-be."

Mr. Everett's dark hair fell in strands over an intelligent, though not intellectual, brow and his eyes behind the

The Morning After

By Donald Caldwell

Christmas holds such wealth of

I would not begrudge it

I had a perfect binge of giving

(Ouch! my aching budget!)

dark-rimmed glasses were as bright and curious as a puppy's. "That's news, isn't it? Congratulations, Gideon. When did it happen?"

did it happen?"

"I met Miss
Prouty last summer
when I went North
to do some fishing."
He added irresistibly, "The big one
that didn't get
away you know."

Mr. Everett's dark eyebrows twitched together in a momentary frown of distaste. "How extremely romantic," he remarked dryly. "You anthropologists are so very impetuous. Miss Prouty, do you really want this etiolated Martini or shall I get a fresh one for you?"

His voice was gentle, almost as if he were sorry for her, and he insisted on exchanging her drink for a more effective one, before he drifted away to join another group.

"Who is he?" asked Katie, momentarily jolted out of her misery. "Is he faculty? He doesn't look it."

"The glamour boy of the English Department," said Emory. "His classes are overcrowded, predominantly by females who bestow upon him a brand of idolatry I had understood to be reserved solely for crooners. Being a personality boy is really much easier and pleasanter than being a scholar."

"Emory," said Katherine and stopped. She had been about to say that she wished he wouldn't joke about her being fat when there were other people present. Drearily she decided to skip it. It seemed to amuse him inordinately for reasons that were obscure to her. Well, why not? She ought to be glad that instead of hating her for being no credit to him, he was at least getting some innocent fun out of it.

Excellency Group

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A week later Kathe saw her professor off and moved into his apartment. which was a bit on the musty side, but had a fireplace and a view. She rolled up her sleeves and began producing drapes, curtains, lampshades and couch covers. She had always loved to sew, particularly for the house, having concluded sadly that her handiwork looked better on the furniture than it did on her. This didn't stop her, however, from brooding dismally upon her probable failure as a wife. For she would fail Emory, that was certain. He had faith in her, he had brought her out of the wilds and she was turning out to be a social millstone around his neck.

The more she brooded the worse she felt. She found herself wistfully lealing through the high-fashion magazines, making the rounds of dress store windows, lured by the gracious line of a tea gown, the ballerina flirt of a dancing frock. She studied them enviously, in her imagination squeezing her capacious form into their fragile contours.

One window in particular drew her. It belonged to a well-known beauty salon and featured a double picture, blown up to alarming proportions: two young women, one roughly double the size of the other, respectively labeled "Before" and "After."

Ridiculous—and yet why not? Wasn't it worth trying? Particularly since Emory wasn't there to be outraged by what he called the moronic credulity of fat women. After all, Katie thought, what have I got to lose—except 80 pounds or so?

She closed her eyes and again visualized the delectable suit she had been admiring. Grey velveteen it was, with a froth of tulle at throat and wrist. She saw herself in that suit, offering canapés to the Dean.

Katie opened her eyes, gulped and marched into the salon to take the reducing course.

She felt like something getting ready for the county fair as she was measured and weighed in an austere but perfumed cubicle. She was surrounded by the mirrors and there definitely was much too much of her. The young woman attending her was a slender wisp of a girl, with a muscular midriff between taut bra-top and trunks. She shook her head as she plied the tape measure.

"Hips—46. Waist—35. Hmmm. Step on the scales, please. Tsk, tsk." "I've always been fat," said Katie. "Glands. Do you think I can reduce?"

"Our Miracle Reducing Course is most efficient."

"Even—even someone like me?" asked Katie.

Her voice quavered. Her ministrant glanced at her and a small smile flickered on her carmined lips.

"Certainly you can lose weight. Anyone can. Just stop eating."

That, stripped of elegant verbiage, Katie found to be the basis of her ordeal. She starved. There were other things, too; you writhed like an octopus on a mat; you were locked up in a small room with a muscular female Swede who beat you to a pulp; you dissolved in a sweat box; and you quivered like jelly between electric pads. But the thing you couldn't get away from, that you took home with you, was hunger. You split calories; you lived on pellets of raw meat, and salads liberally smeared with mineral oil. And you couldn't cheat because you were only cheating

yourself. So after a while you lost your sense of proportion and began to get a feeling of moral revulsion to things you weren't supposed to eat. A chocolate soda was taboo; a buttered muffin, anathema; as for a strawberry shortcake, it definitely wore the scarlet mantle of sin. On the other hand nothing could equal the smugness with which you munched your one permissible piece of dry toast in the morning; you couldn't have eaten it more complacently if you had got dispensation from the Church.

Katie's first reward came when she had to take in her dress. It was the first dress that was ever too big on her and she wept tears of rapture as she took in the seams.

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From then on it was easier. Taking stock of herself in the mirror she fancied she could see an entirely different person emerging like a butterfly out of the overweight cocoon. This creature actually had a waist, a sort of gracious narrowing down between breast and pelvis which had never before been a part of Katie's anatomy. Her legs were beginning to taper down to ankles, her arms to lose that wattly look. Even her face was different. Before, her features had been spread over a considerable expanse. Brought closer together, they began to make sense.

It was just as well, Katie thought, that she had no friends. This way she was a bore and a trial to no one but herself. She just slogged grimly from one hungry day to another, reading voraciously, taking long walks and haunting concert halls and theatres, and imagining Emory's face when he came home and found her so beautifully changed.

SHE ALSO TOOK ballet classes as soon as she could put on tights and leotard without scaring herself in the mirror. There were children in her class, and seeing her reflection perambulating unwieldily side by side with their nimbly pirouetting little forms was an experience scarifying to the ego. But she stuck to it. Even when the spring became summer, Katie would go through her dogged paces, clad in two pairs of black woolen tights and a couple of sweaters. It was not a thing of grace and lightness and Katie felt more like a superannuated wrestler than anything else, until one day the teacher, a bouncing Russian, remarked approvingly, "Ah, Mees Prouty, you 'ave improve," and by golly she had. She moved lighter, easier, not slumped on her hips but held in at the waist. By now she had one.

That whole summer had a strange mesmeric quality reminiscent of a soul plowing through purgatory. But when it was over, Katie was thin.

The dream suit had gone from the window and in its place was another, the color of russet leaves.

"Just right for the fall," said the salesgirl, "And just your size. A perfect 16."

Everybody was coming back now for the fall semester. Katie, who no longer shunned the campus but walked across it with new confidence, saw familiar faces and noted complacently that she herself was not recognized.

One day while eating lunch in the university grill—a crowded place where tables were commonly shared—she looked up from her salad and found herself looking into the dark eyes of

Dickson Everett. He was giving her a pretty complete once-over and she wondered if he recognized her. She gave him a tentative smile and Mr. Everett put down his glass of water. He asked easily: "I know you, don't

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He so obviously didn't that Katie's smile broadened.

"Are you asking me?" she enquired. "You're in one of my classes, aren't you?" he persisted unabashed. "If not, you ought to be. You have the sort of a face it should be very cheering to locate in a front row while one is lecturing about Restoration Drama.'

"Don't tell me you teach," Katie said severely. She was enjoying herself. "You don't sound like no professor to

Mr. Everett got up and bowed from the waist. "Thank you, my dear," he said unctuously. He sat down again. "Yes, my unfortunate appearance notwithstanding, I teach. I mold young minds. I'm sure I'd enjoy molding yours.

"I never knew that professors came that uninhibited," said Katie.

Mr. Everett grinned. He said, "Now, I don't want you to get the impression that I go around picking up pretty girls just because they have a delightful smile."

"Well, don't you?"

"Sure, but I don't want you to get that impression."

Katie continued with her lunch, listening with a sort of intoxicated surprise to the sound of her own voice, gay and easy, bandying nonsense with Mr. Dickson Everett. It was so delightfully easy, she thought, when you are thin. At one point it occurred to her that perhaps, engaged woman that she was, she should not be enjoying all this so much. But after all, she reminded herself, technically this is not a pick-up. I've

been introduced to him by my fiance.
"Before I go to class," said Mr.
Everett, finishing his coffee, "what about going to the ballet with me tonight?"

Impossible, said Katie to herself. But the words her lips framed were, "I'll be very glad to, Professor Everett."

"Dick to people I take to the ballet with me. Naturally dinner goes with the ballet. I'll pick you up at six. Incidentally this is a good time to tell me your name and where you live."

"Kay Prouty," said Katie and waited to see if by some impossible miracle he would recognize the name. He didn't of course. Kay-the name had slipped out easily, suavely. Good-by to Katie, shy, fat, unhappy Katie, whom Dickson Everett had seen once and promptly forgotten. Kay went with the girl she was now. It lilted and sang in tune with her spirits. It rhymed with gay.

She wondered at herself as she dressed for dinner. It would have been so easy to say, "I believe you know my fiance, Professor Gideon." But she hadn't. Well, she would tonight.

She didn't of course. They were too busy talking nonsense at dinner; and later they were too absorbed in the ballet: and later still, too occupied in discussing the relative merits of their favorite ballerinas all the way home.

SATURDAY THEY went to a football game and she yelled herself so hoarse that she had no voice left to tell him. Sunday, however, he came to call for her to take her for a walk and she was all set to mention the matter when Professor Everett himself forestalled her by slapping his brow and saying:

"Hey, isn't that Emory Gideon's apartment you're living in?"

"Yes," said Katie, feeling an absurd pang of regret stab her.

"I thought I remembered it—a man I know subleased it from him last summer. I guess you're renting it from him while he's in Terra del Fuego or Haiti or wherever it is anthropologists go to wring the last drop of tribal lore from the natives. How come you got Through ads?"

"I happened to know Professor Gideon very well," said Katie, "As a matter of fact"

"Well, I must say he couldn't have found a better use for his place. The only thing is-he's coming back in November, isn't he? What do you intend to do then?"

"Disappear, I suppose," said Katie.

"What nonsense," said Dick, "talking in this irresponsible manner. It just won't do."

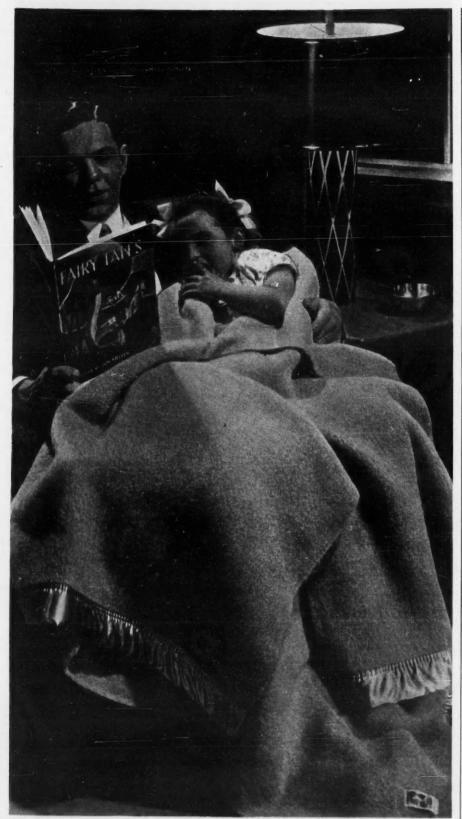
He shook his head and Katie laughed. "I love to hear you laugh," said Dick irrelevantly. "It's all part of that special quality you have. I mean, you're all lighted up inside—as if something very delightful has happened to you-and one wants to get in on it. You aren't seriously thinking of going away when Gideon comes back, are you?"



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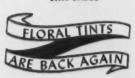


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Kenwood Blankets "Let's not think about it," said Katie. She suddenly felt happy and reckless. "It's a long time until then."

"Right—and I can be very persuasive. I'll change your mind about it. And if not—well at least we will have had those two glorious months together."
"Thet's right" said Katie soberly.

"That's right," said Katie soberly, "at least we will have had that."

She had come to a decision. I am entitled to this, she thought defiantly. The laughter, the sheer spontaneous young fun of it, something I have never had. It isn't as if I'm taking anything away from Emory. After all, he's having a fine time in Haiti, sitting in on all those fertility rites. Why shouldn't I have some fun too?

Having made up her mind she entered into the spirit of the thing with zest. They went to ballets, concerts and football games. She helped him buy ties and the B-Minor Mass, and he came to watch her ballet classes.

Katie was careful to keep it all strictly extra-curricular. She went to some of his lectures, sitting unobtrusively in the back, but she drew the line at faculty functions to which he invited her.

Dick didn't press her. "Okay, okay," he agreed amiably. "No need to be so unflatteringly emphatic, my pet. It may be a little boring but not that bad. We aren't all stuffed shirts like your landlord."

It took Katie a minute to realize that

he was referring to Emory.
"Oh, he isn't," she said. "I'm very fond of him and very grateful."

"So am I, for that matter," said Dick.
"More grateful than I ever thought I could be to anyone." His voice had deepened and Katie turned quickly to look at him with pounding heart.

"Kay," said Dickson. "Kay, my darling." His lips were on hers, warm and eager. She sighed and clung to him. He had kissed her before, quick lighthearted pecks that she had been able to shrug off as harmless. Not this, though. This was about as harmless as dynamite.

It may be wrong, Katie thought later, but it doesn't feel that way. It feels like something that I have a right to. Oh, Lord, she said childishly, I'd worked so hard, couldn't I have a little fun? Just for another month. Afterward I'll settle down and be a good wife to Emory and lead an exemplary life, but right now I want Dick.

Things finally came to a head on a drizzly November day. Dick was visiting and they had lit the fire in the fireplace.

"Sweetie pie," said Dick, "I hate to bring it up, but don't you think you ought to look for another apartment? I happened to be talking to Dr. Morrison and he mentioned the fact that Emory Gideon is expected in two weeks. Did you know that?"

Katie nodded wordlessly. She knew, having received a letter to that effect from Emory.

"Well then? What do you intend to do?"

"When Professor Gideon comes back my vacation will be over," said Katie. "I'll quickly and quietly vanish away and never be heard of again."

"You're driving me to desperate measures," said Dickson. "Will you marry me?"

"What?"

"You heard me. That's how unscrupulous women get men to propose to them; they threaten to leave town."

Katie took a deep breath. Now was the time to act like a woman of the world. A light touch always helped at a moment like this. Accordingly she screwed her eyes up tight, made a square mouth and bawled.

"Darling," said Dickson happily, "I pegged you from the beginning as the sort of girl who cries at everyone's wedding, particularly her own. You're making me so happy. When do we get married?"

"We can't," Katie wept, "I'm marrying someone else." Her tears flowed faster. "Oh, Dick. I'm so dreadfully unhappy."

Dick tilted her stricken face and looked at it. Convinced by its utter misery, he dropped his hand abruptly and walked to the window. After a while he spoke without turning around,

"It's hard to believe this of you, Kay. You just aren't that sort of person. You're—straight." His shoulders moved in a small baffled shrug. "I suppose it's someone back in your home town." "No, it isn't," said Katie drearily.

"No, it isn't," said Katie drearily.
"It's someone right here. At least he'll be here in two weeks. Right here in this apartment."

Dickson Everett swung around, his face a study of mingled relief and anger. "This is the most idiotic leg pull I've ever . . ."

"It's the truth, Dick. I'm going to be Mrs. Emory Gideon."

"At a time like this, too. I ought to spank you, you little dope. As it

to spank you, you little dope. As it happens, I've met Gideon's fiancée . . ."

"At the dean's cocktail party last February . . ."

"...And she is the most egregiously fat cow of a woman ..."

"Was," said Katie grimly.
"... I've ever met," Dickson finished slowly. His eyes glazed with horror. "Good lord, Kay...!"

"That's right," said Katie, nodding. "That was me, 10 months and 75 pounds ago. And now I almost wish I'd stayed the way I was." She strove valiantly for the lighter touch. "See what comes of tampering with God's handiwork."

Dick merely shook his head. He was

speechless.

"No, I don't mean it," said Katie in a fresh outburst. "I'm glad I've had those two months with you. Oh, Dick, don't hate me for them, please don't. I was so happy being with you and loving you. And now I guess it's good-by and thank you for a lovely time, the best time in my whole life, Dick."

She had practically ushered him out of the door when he came out of his daze.

"Hey, lady, wait a minute," said Dick. He came back to his chair and sank into it, giving her a wan smile. "I'd like to get a thing or two clear. Did I hear you say something about loving me?"
"You know I do," said Katie.

"Then presumably you don't love Gideon?"

"Love Emory?" Katie said. "I'm fond of him. I respect him. I'm terribly grateful to him."

"Fine sentiments, darling. All right then. The next move is obvious. You communicate these facts in writing to Professor Gideon with sincere regret and we go on with our plans."

Katie looked at him wide-eyed. "You still want to marry me?"

"Well, that's the general idea."

Continued on page 34

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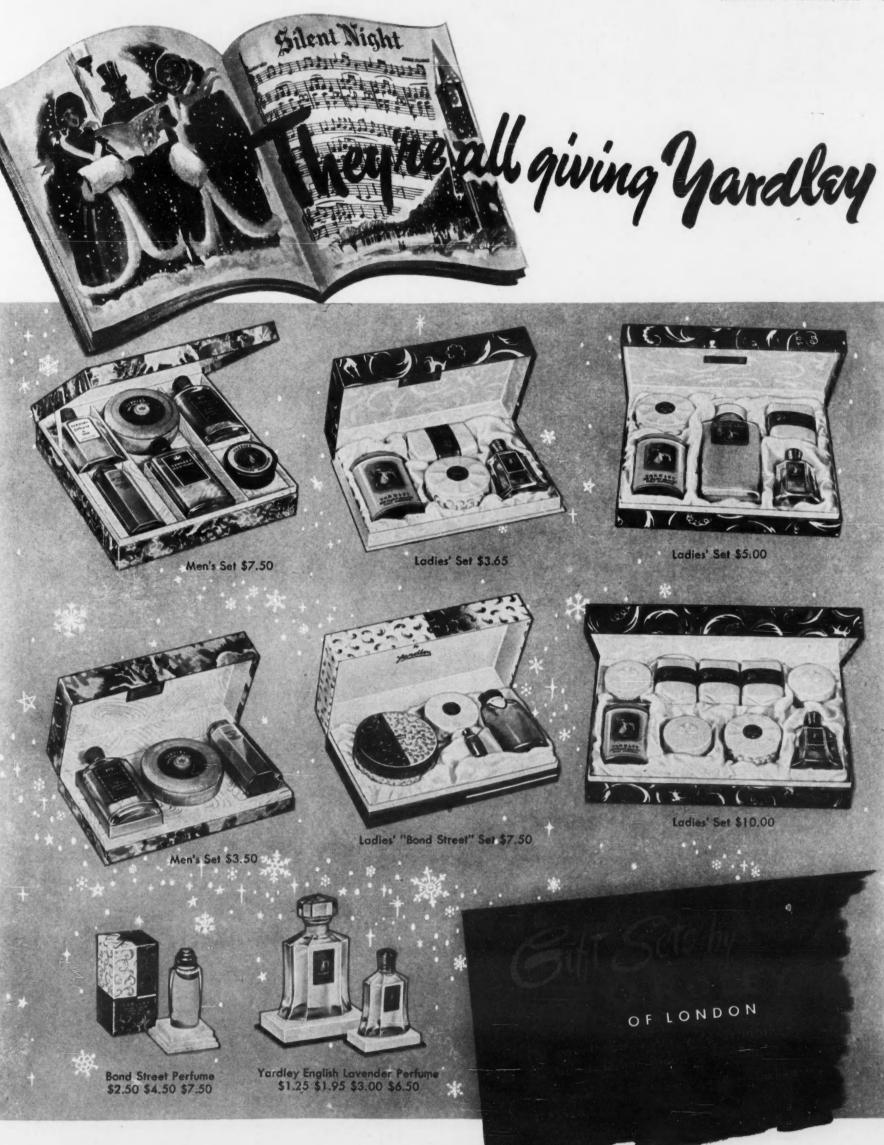
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the pictures and looking for the likeliest place to hang the mistletoe.

I resolve that one of my New Year resolutions will be to do my next Christmas shopping early. Less fuss, less muss, less bedlam. But maybe less fun. cured pork or a roll of her own country sausage packed into cheesecloth bags ready for slicing; or new-laid eggs from one to half a dozen dozen; a sealer of maple syrup—the real McCoy; a big bowl of mince meat; a few jars of fruit done down in season; an assortment of

store lampshade and use a crayon to write Merry Christmas across it. Reminds me—the very thing for Uncle Ernest.

Can I interest you in another dessert instead of your pedigreed, bluening plum pudding? Me, neither in case we change our minds we ht consider these: a creamy mold d with ginger syrup and shaved er; a cranberry roly-poly; apple plings with hard sauce; mince pie a topping of buttered walnuts; en eggnog and Christmas cake; ed Alaska; an angel food ring piled with pink ice cream and swirled honey meringue; lemon snow with 1-frozen raspberries; or another top-offer of a delicate air and a regal

ird notes: a 12-pound turkey es 16 once round; will encompass it 15 cupfuls of bread stuffin'. You look to a five-pound chick or biddy utisfy six holiday appetites. Duck's rent; one of this weight—5 lb.—goes far enough for four people. If the e hangs high in favor, you'll find ne-to-ten pounder about right for Count noses.

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Merry Christmas, and as said Tiny Tim—practically taking the words out of my mouth—God bless us every one.





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Melen Campbell's Page

APPY daze here again. Same like every December, there's a rustlin' and a bustlin' in every home, whirrings and stirrings in every kitchen; cards and ribbon and fancy papers all over the place, Christmas lists somewhere-but never in sight when you want them; parcels and packages to be hidden and peeked at and worried over (is it the right size, the right color, too frivolous or not frivolous enough, will she really like it or should you have settled on nylons or bath salts and let it go at that. Etc). Nice season. Christmas, but if you can get through it without an incipient ulcer or a nearnervous breakdown, you're a better man than most of us, Gunga Din.

Will Christmas Eve find you serenely singing carols, the tree trimmed, the turkey stuffed and every last package delivered? Or like me and a few million others, will you be caught purling and plaining the last few rows, skimming the last chapter before you can wrap up that book, scampering around for another bit of ribbon (why can't I ever come out even—parcels and ribbon), lugging up a few more sticks for the woodbox, tucking bits of holly behind the pictures and looking for the likeliest place to hang the mistletoe.

I resolve that one of my New Year resolutions will be to do my next Christmas shopping early. Less fuss, less muss, less bedlam. But maybe less fun. I'm a simple soul. I admit it. But I think that only God can make a Christmas tree and only Santa Claus can trim it.

Once I saw a coal black Christmas tree hung with silver and bedecked with ribbon bows. It was smart, it was clever, it was handsome. But, shucks, it wasn't Christmas. Not to me, it wasn't.

It may be a case of arrested development, but I don't like any New Order or New Look to have a look-in at Christmas. I like my Christmases white outdoors and red and green within. I like the sound of bells and toy whistles, the sight of a lighted tree dripping candy canes and shiny baubles, the smell of pine boughs and dinner cooking in the oven, the taste of traditional dishes following in caloried succession. I like a table that groans with food and a meal which makes the partakers groan afterward.

My mother had a gift for gifts. Not for her the lace-edged camisole or the crocheted fascinator which were standard presents a few years back. Instead she'd wrap up real fancy a slab of home-cured pork or a roll of her own country sausage packed into cheesecloth bags ready for slicing; or new-laid eggs from one to half a dozen dozen; a sealer of maple syrup—the real McCoy; a big bowl of mince meat; a few jars of fruit done down in season; an assortment of

specials in the pickle line-plum catsup. spiced crabs, crispy cukes, sour-sweet watermelon rind or some such. For her friends she'd steam an extra pudding, bake another batch of her spiced shortbread or stir up a pan of maple cream (and nobody's maple cream was quite like mother's). Or maybe she'd send some bulbs or packets of seeds from her last summer's garden, a brace of duck which she'd fed and fattened, enough down for a cushion or a pair of pillows, depending. Or she'd slip her geraniums a few weeks ahead and dispatch them rooted and flourishing to someone with a sunny window. Christmas to mother was an affair of the heart.

You going to stuff some dates? Nothing's nicer than whole peanuts for the stone's replacement. Peanut butter is good too. Ever stuff candied cherries with whole blanched almonds? Pretty. And Christmassy.

To mull a drink, my dear Becky, is to heat, sweeten and spice it. Great book, the dictionary.

Steaming mugs of mulled cider, mulled cherry and pineapple cup, grape-fruit and cranberry, red plum and apple—there's pleasant sipping.

This lamp will produce a fine glow—of appreciation, I mean. Wrap a tall bottle (I don't care what's in it—but it won't be ketchup) in plain white tissue. Wind barber pole fashion with colored stickum tape, then add a dimestore lampshade and use a crayon to write Merry Christmas across it. Reminds me—the very thing for Uncle Ernest.

Can I interest you in another dessert instead of your pedigreed, blueburning plum pudding? Me, neither But in case we change our minds we might consider these: a creamy mold laced with ginger syrup and shaved ginger; a cranberry roly-poly; apple dumplings with hard sauce; mince pie with a topping of buttered walnuts; frozen eggnog and Christmas cake; Baked Alaska; an angel food ring piled high with pink ice cream and swirled with honey meringue; lemon snow with fresh-frozen raspberries; or another topper-offer of a delicate air and a regal mien.

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Rule for outdoor make-up is to use materials which—so to speak—thumb their noses at the elements; shine undiminished whatever the weather. Sprays of greenery and a big crimson oilcloth bow on the door will say Merry Christmas to all comers all through the season. Change from the usual wreath. Not, necessarily, a change for the better. But nice.

No doubt about it Christmas has something. Something extra special. Look what it did to Scrooge, the crusty old codger.

Merry Christmas, and as said Tiny Tim—practically taking the words out of my mouth—God bless us every one.





Continued from page 30

"You don't mind my having been the way I used to be? It doesn't bother you?"

"Heck, no," said Dick. "I'm buying what I see now."

Katie's eyes filled and shone. "Thank you, darling. I'll always remember this."

"Then you're writing to Gideon immediately?"

"Dick, no." "Well, honey, it has to be done."

"No, it doesn't. I will never," said Katie, "jilt Emory."

Dick ran his hand through his hair, and took off his coat as if preparing for a long siege. "Somehow," he said quietly, "I expected a hitch like this. Do you mean to tell me that you'll marry a man you don't love just on

account of some ridiculous quixotic

considerations . . .

They argued far into the night. Katie pale and tense in her chair, Dick running up mileage on the living-room rug. At one time his voice gave out and they repaired to the kitchen to fortify themselves with milk and cookies. Dick ate four before tackling Katie again.

"Let's be reasonable about this thing," he besought her hoarsely. "This is the real thing. It's good. It's right."

"But it isn't fair to Emory." "You're breaking my heart," said Dick callously. "What about me? Is it fair to me? A stuffed shirt like Emory Gideon marrying my girl? How does he get off with this? It's enough to make one's hair curl to think of a character like him snagging a girl like

"But I wasn't like this when he asked me to marry him. You know what I was

like. And yet he did."

"Yes, that's the heck of it, isn't it? But he can't possibly love or appreciate you as I do. It's not in him. "Why" -a tinge of triumph came into his voice "why, even that time I met you at that cocktail party, he wasn't being particularly nice to you. I remember thinking, 'What a mean little louse that Gideon must be to make fun of his fiancée in public even if she does happen to be as big as an ele- . . .' I beg your pardon, darling, I keep forgetting that that was you.

"That's the point, Dick," said Katie sadly, "it was me."

"All right, but it proves my point, doesn't it? Are you really going to marry a character like that? Even knowing that I love you?"

"You do now," said Katie, hardening her heart. "You wouldn't have before. You wouldn't have even looked at me. You would have been sweet to me and sorry for me, but you wouldn't have fallen in love with me and asked me to marry you. And Emory did. So now I'm not going to walk out on him just because I've got to be the sort of girl someone else wants to marry."
"Very noble," said Dick bitterly.

"And very stupid."

But he knew it was no use. He stopped talking and wearily put his coat on, his mobile face sagging with fatigue and frustration. At the door he stopped and looked back at her.

"I keep feeling," he said morosely, "that someone pulled a fast one in this deal. But I'm not beaten yet. This isn't. the end."

It was quite clear to both of them, however, that it was.

EMORY, KATIE thought as she watched him leave the plane, looked extremely well. For him, she couldn't help adding disloyally. He had acquired a leathery tan and his hair had receded another intellectual inch. He was looking for her in the crowd, and suddenly she had an insane notion that if she'd only keep mum, he'd pass her right by and everything would be all right. None of this, she adjured herself grimly. This is the moment you've been waiting for, remember, and went to greet him.

There was no recognition in Professor Gideon's startled face as he vainly tried to side-step her. "Welcome home, darling," said Katie and kissed him.

Her fiance fought free, spluttering. Then he took a good look at her and recognition dawned in his outraged face. "Katherine," said Emory in a strangled voice, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

It was obviously a rhetorical question and he neither listened to her nor made any more comments until they were back in the apartment-his again now that Katie had moved back to the dormitory. He subjected her to a more thorough survey. Something like a sneer flickered over his bronzed features.

"I'd wondered about the enigmatic burblings in your letters. But I must say I'd never expected anything like this. I never expected you to become a habitué of one of those so-called reducing salons."

"What do you mean, so-called?" said atherine cheerfully. "I've lost 75 Katherine cheerfully.

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IN JANUARY CHATELAINE

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pounds. Don't you like the way I look?"

Emory said, "I consider the transformation in the worst possible taste," and went into his room to unpack. Katie shook her head in bewilderment. That was definitely not the reaction she had been prepared for. The whole thing suddenly seemed dismal and ludicrous. She finally decided that it was shock and that the kindest thing to do was to let Emory get over it by himself. Accordingly she slipped away in a baffled and chastened mood.

She did not see him until the next day when he called on her to take her to a faculty tea at which he was a guest of honor and speaker.

"As a courtesy to me," he said to her on the way there, "you've been asked to pour. I trust you will be equal to that arduous task."

Katie had no trouble pouring tea. She smiled at everybody sweetly and said, sugar?" and "cream?" in properly solicitous tones, and people crowded around her table and beamed back at her. It was remarkably easy, she thought sadly, when you didn't care. But that was all wrong. She must care. She threw herself into conversation with renewed animation. When Emory came to the table, Dr. Gilmore, who having newly arrived from England, was also a guest of honor, told him: "I wonder why anyone as charming as Miss Prouty needs to be as well informed as she is.

"A well-rounded personality," said Emory and brightened up, only to look foolish when Dr. Gilmore countered with an enthusiastic, "Yes, isn't she?" Katie realized that from sheer force of habit he had used one of the good old stand-bys that had lost its point now that she was no longer fat. Emory was obviously going to miss those little pleasantries.

THEY WALKED HOME in silence that wasn't entirely companionable. Katie found herself relaxing at last: she had spent the whole afternoon watching the door for a familiar lanky figure. She was glad he had shunned this particular tea. Today, she felt, she couldn't have

Emory broke the silence by saying disagreeably: "Reviewing your triumphs, Katie? It was apparently a great personal success."

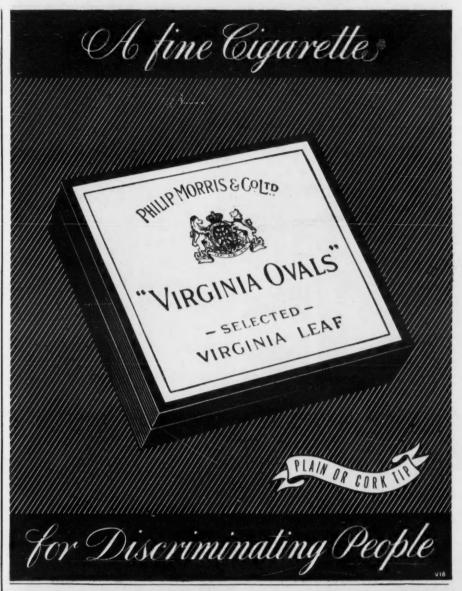
"Thank you, Emory," said Katie, acknowledging the words rather than the tone. "I thought Dr. Gilmore was sweet."

"Fatuous old fool," said Emory. "Too busy slobbering over you to have the simple courtesy to mention my paper."

"He probably thought that's what you wanted to hear. I'm sorry you were bored, dear. Incidentally his wife -a sweet old thing too-asked us to dinner next week. Isn't it nice?"

"Delightful. By the way, if you are prepared to launch yourself into a full social life as a result of your-transformation, you mustn't count on me to aid and abet you. I don't propose to have my habits changed. Sorry to frustrate your ambitions, my dear. I suppose it is a shame to waste all that fragrance on the desert air, as it were, but . . ."

"Let's not talk about me any more," said Katie brightly. She quickened her steps, resolutely stamping out a tiny flame of anger. "Tell me more about





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WHEN YOU HAVE A HEADACHE, TAKE GENUINE

"But I did, my dear. I gave a little talk about it this afternoon, remember? Or were you too busy preening and chattering for the benefit of your new admirers to listen?"

At this point Katie blew up. She turned on him, her eyes furious. "Will you tell me just what it is you want from me? Just what I've done?"

Professor Gideon seemed to wilt a little. He told her sullenly:

"You've changed, Katherine. You're not the girl I wanted to marry. It's an unsettling thing to happen to one, and I must say I resent it.'

"But . . .'

"Since we are talking this over, I must admit that you are making me deeply uncomfortable. When I proposed to you, I did so because of certain qualities both moral and physical which I had taken into very serious consideration. I feel you are much less of a person now."

"Less by 75 pounds," said Katie and began laughing. "I'm sorry, Emory, but you sound as if you've been shortweighed on a side of beef." She looked at him curiously. "You really would have preferred me to remain as I was, wouldn't you? Clumsy and overweight and unhappy?"

"You're taking a typically feminine

view of the matter . . .

"It's true, though, all the same. I've often wondered why you wanted to marry me, Emory. It made me as bewildered as I was grateful. But I think I understand now." She looked at him steadily and sadly. "Yes, I can see how my changing would be most inconvenient."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean it must have been very comforting to have someone around to whom you could feel superior, a humble fat grateful wife who would be so overwhelmed by your kindness in marrying her that she could never forget it; it must be very unsettling to have that crutch to your esteem jerked from under

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Professor Gideon. His voice squeaked and his eyes shifted from hers. "But it becomes increasingly clear to me that I have made a regrettable mistake. Fortunately it can still be rectified."

Katie listened in a stupor as he went on, his voice growing more and more assured and aggrieved with each indictment. Her attitude, he said, was not a basis for a healthy marriage. Their tastes were different, she a giddy pleasure-loving thing, he a sober scholar . . .

"Let me understand you," said Katie. "Does this mean that you want to be shut of me?"

Emory made a deprecating gesture. Her way of putting it was uncouth and in keeping with the disturbing new personality, but in substance, well, yes.

"Say no more," said Katie. "Your words are stern but just. I will step out of your life without protest. Will you lend me a nickel? I have a very important call to make."

Professor Gideon wordlessly fished in his pockets and produced one.

"Thank you," said Katie. She took the nickel and imprinted a rapturous kiss on the professor's baffled face. "Thank you for everything."

She was still murmuring thanks as she made for the nearest drugstore to call Dick. +

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Continued from page 17

go to the zoo for a little while and I wondered might I take Cynthianna along." "Take Cynthianna? Whatever for?" "She'd like to see the elephants."

Mrs. Milick yawned. "Oh, that again! All the elephants she'll ever see will be in her own front yard."

There was no laughter now. "Perhaps you don't understand, Mrs. Milick. It would give me pleasure. I like to make friends with the people on my beat, especially the children.'

Mrs. Milick glaned down her dark hall at the papers flung under the stairs, there was a fire law against that, wasn't there? And he was the law. She smiled. "Oh, of course if you'd like to, only it's all such a waste of time, or didn't you know she's blind? She was born blind. What's the sense of dragging her over to the zoo to see the same thing she sees here? Nothing! It'd be just a waste of time."

Duncan ran down the stairs as fast as he had come up. Cynthianna was waiting at the bottom, she was holding onto the rail with white, tight hands. "Did you ask her?"

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"No. I wrote a note and slipped it under the door.'

She laughed. She jumped up and down and laughed.

"Now you give me your hand, Cynthianna, because I can't have you running away, you know." And up the street they went, the little girl skipping and the young man watching, it was as though he couldn't take his eyes off her. Only once he did. He closed them and stood quite still a moment. He felt the sun on his face, how warm and friendly it was. He heard a car pass, and that was all. Just the sun, and a roaring in

"Is something the matter? You aren't walking and you're squeezing my hand so tight.'

'No, nothing's the matter. I was just sort of looking at the world.'

At the corner he stopped by a lamp post, so close that Cynthianna had to lean against it to keep from falling.

"See that signal box up there, Cynthianna? Here, let me pick you up so you can see it better, let me put your finger in the little keyhole. I have a key to go in that hole, did you know that? The door opens and there's a telephone inside. This is the box I'll always call from when I report that everything in your block is just fine."

She hugged it tight and pried and pried at the little hole. "Will you let me hear you sometime? Will you pick me up and let me hear you say that everything is fine on our block?"

"I might. Someday I just might." In the next block there was a store

window with a wet paint sign on it. "Do you know what you should never do, Cynthianna? You should never touch anything with a wet paint sign on it."
"Shouldn't I?"

"Definitely not. But this paint is so very shiny and so green, shall we forget about the sign?"

"Oh, let's!"

Strong bronzed fingers took Cynthianna's tiny pink thumb, laid it very carefully on the wet paint that was almost dry, but not quite. It could still smudge a little. And all the way up the block Cynthianna smelled her finger.

Chatelaine, December, 1948 - 37

"It smells good, doesn't it?" She laughed. "Green store window paint smells very good."

A janitor had a hose out in the next block. He was in front of an apartment house with fancy lights over the door, and a rubber mat in front and two trees in boxes sitting on either side. He had already watered the trees and now he was working on the mat.

The policeman knelt and put his finger tips on the little girl's lips. "Shh! Listen, Cynthianna, doesn't that sound pretty? It's a hose with water coming out of it like a small silver stream. Do you know that there are places in the world where water falls like that all the

"Where are they? Oh, Mr. Duncan, where are those places where the water falls all the time?"

"It's in the mountains, where part of the earth is high as the sky, with the rest of the earth in valleys below, and there are no stairs for the rivers. Only the rocks to fall on-green, mossy rocks. That's why we call them waterfalls."

"And do they sound like this, like

"Yes. If you listen with your heart, I guess you can always hear the music.'

"Do you suppose I could touch it? Mrs. Milick hasn't got a hose and I would very much like to know what it feels like.

Perhaps it was the police badge, perhaps it was this small pretty face, or perhaps he was just a very kind man who remembered how it was to be a little child and wanting to know about everything. The janitor turned the hose off and let Cynthianna feel down its hard, ridged sides. And Jim Duncan stooped, and with her hand inside of his, he pointed the hose toward the street and turned the nozzle on.

She waited a moment, a breathless, awed moment. "I can feel the water coming through! The whole hose is alive! And it comes so hard and fast-I believe the water is glad to be free."

Big fingers slipped away, let her hold it alone with both hands tight about the nozzle. He showed her how to turn it from side to side, and he watched this little girl, who might have been a statue carved of pink marble, she was as perfect and as lovely as that. A pink marble elf finally relinquishing her hose and walking down the street with a dream on her face.

"I have washed a sidewalk! All by myself I have made a waterfall and I have washed a sidewalk."

There were more people coming out now, sleepy people and frowning people, and hurrying people, and people with sniffing dogs. The first one they met was a red Pekingese. It had a champagne vest and champagne skirts and fringes, and a black button nose, and a lolling tongue, red and curling as a rose. On the other end of the leash was a fat lady in black, with pearls about her

Jim Duncan smiled. "Pardon me, ma'am, but is your dog friendly to

Oh, my yes! Some Pekes aren't, but Buddha is. Would you like to pet him, little girl?"

Cynthianna sat right down on the sidewalk, and let the little beast crawl into her arms.

"Oh, how silky! How perfectly, beautifully silky!"

The lady stooped. "That's because





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I brush him every day. Hasn't he nice long ears and a very curly tail? You may touch his tail if you wish."

She did. Cynthianna fondled every inch of that laughing dog. For he was laughing, it was in his eyes and in his panting tongue as he stood on his hind legs and kissed her on the nose. And of course then they all had to laugh.

CYNTHIANNA LISTENED when the lady finally walked on, she sat there on the sidewalk and listened to the tapping heels and to the scratching of the dog's nails going farther away.
"It's wonderful," she whispered. "I

didn't know there were so many wonderful things.'

The zoo was deserted, and there really was only a very little time left so they walked quickly to where the elephants lived and Jim Duncan breathed a sigh of relief when he saw them outside. He had been so afraid they might be shut up and not let out yet for the day.

'Here, Cynthianna, I want to show you how big the fence is. First there is this little fence just as tall as you, and no one is supposed to go beyond it, that is our fence, for the people to lean against. Just this once we'll step over it to the elephants' fence." He swung her through the air and she squealed with delight. "Up we go! I'll sit you on my shoulder and you can feel how tall the fence is.'

"Is the elephant as tall as this, as tall as two people standing one on top of the other?'

"Yes, Cynthianna. It is as tall as two people, and half as wide as your house. I'm going to put you down now, an elephant is coming to say hello to us."

Cynthianna stood still, her lips parted, her face pink and smiling. No, Jim Duncan shook his head, that wasn't the word. Dazzling fit it better, a sparkling strange beauty like a new star in the sky.

"Is this where the children stand when they come to see the elephants?"

"Yes, this is where they always stand,

but hush and listen! The elephant is almost here, and you can feel the earth tremble as he walks."

She stood still, hardly even daring to

"Give me your hand, Cynthianna, the elephant is sticking his trunk through the bars. I do believe he would like to shake

hands with you."

And they did, not once but several times, he was really a most obliging elephant. He didn't seem to mind that the little pink fingers held no peanuts. He seemed to read all the hope and the joy and the wonder in this small human. And when they said good-by he blew in her face, a great hot blast coming out of his trunk to set her golden curls flying.

Somehow they got home, the straight young man in blue, and the sparkling

little girl in pink.

Mrs. Milick was pouring garbage into a can, slapping the lid this way and that. Cynthianna ran to her.

'I have been to see the elephants! I have smelled how big and strong they are. I have felt how soft and wet they are. I have known their breath that is like a storm." She sat down on the bottom step and said it over to herself, marveling again. "I have been to see the elephants, just like all the other little children in our block."

Mrs. Milick slammed the lid. "Do you want some breakfast, Cynthianna? I left milk and bread on the table for

"No, thank you. I'm just going to sit awhile. I have so much to remember."

Jim Duncan heard that as he turned, and he heard Mrs. Milick's hard flat voice, "What a dumb cop! What a waste of time!" And he looked back and smiled at the little girl and at the frowning woman, two people side by side in the sun.

Poor lady, she didn't know which one of them was blind. .

Your Husband's Boss

Continued from page 13

formative years of a man's career there must be evenings of work-either at home or the office," said another wife whose husband is well known for his climb from office boy to president. "The wife can do more by giving him time to become a success than by any other one thing."

Of course, both executives and their wives agreed that it wasn't quite as simple as that getting a husband to the top of the ladder by merely keeping out of his hair.

Because of her positive qualities a woman has a tremendous influence on her husband's career. And because of her positive qualities the Boss examines her almost as closely as he does her husband when the question of promotion comes up.

A Kiss Is Not Enough

Broken down in plain, concrete language, here are, in order of importance, the positive qualities the Bosses look for in the wife of an up-and-coming business man. Any wife who hasn't these qualities, say the Men Who Know -(and we doubt if there is anyone who could have them all)-should settle down and develop them.

The ability to create a happy home atmosphere is the first asset mentioned by all. This is not the nebulous starryeyed nonsense of Hollywood films. There's more, apparently, to the creation of a happy home than meeting Your Guy at the door every night with a fond kiss. The Bosses to whom we talked were hard-headed businessmen. Their suggestions in the matter of producing a happy home are noticeably unromantic.

First and foremost, they place the efficient handling of money. Said the president of one large Toronto business firm, "No man can give the proper attention to his job if he knows that his financial affairs are being bungled. If the money is going out faster than it is coming in, if unpaid bills are piling up. If, in short, his wife has not learned to live within his income."

This particular Executive told us that, in his opinion, a woman makes a far better wife if she has been in business herself for a few years. "When a girl has had to live on her own salary for a while," he said, "she is apt to make a better job of living on her husband's."

In any case, the girl who truly wants to help her husband in his career should learn as quickly as possible to handle his money capably.

Second in the Happy Home Department comes the mundane business of Em sho few hav

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housekeeping. "I've got so I can tell," said one boss, "when one of my men has an orderly well-run home. It shows in his work. It may sound a little picayune to say that the man who can approach his bureau with perfect faith every morning, knowing there will be a clean shirt in the right drawer, is going to do a better job of his job than the man who can't. Nevertheless," he continued, "I honestly feel after years of watching all kinds of men who have all kinds of wives that this is true."

"I was completely horrified," said the manager of another concern, "when I came down to the office a bit early one morning a while ago and happened into a small restaurant at the corner for some cigarettes. Half my young men seemed to be in there for breakfast. Most of them, I knew, were married. And I could only assume that their wives were still fast asleep in bed.

"It did something to me," he continued. "It isn't only a matter of health and proper nourishment. It's the psychological effect it must have on a manthe awful depression of stealing, hungry, out of a darkened house, with no one even interested enough to say good-by."

Good housekeeping is a lot of little things. None of them in themselves is perhaps big enough to make or break a career. But added together they produce peace of mind-and peace of mind, our Top Men insist unanimously, is the stuff vice-presidents are made of.

High on the list of requisites for a happy home atmosphere comes faith on the part of the wife in her husband's relationship with other women.

Lunch With a Siren?

Women seem to be in business to stay. Men are bound to come in contact with them. And the wife who can't grin and bear it is not only in for a lot of unhappiness-most of it probably quite needless—she is also hampering her husband in his business-most of it probably quite legitimate. "At any rate," said one boss with a grin, "tell your wives that when they hear hubby's been lunching with a sultry beauty in sable to make sure, before they go rushing home to Mama, that that lunch wasn't worth a thousand dollars to the firm."

This business of confidence, our informants say, is something that really can make or break an individual. "If a man has to leave the office at 8.30 because he said he'd be home at nine o'clock-even though the job on hand has stretched into a 9.30 affair," the general manager of a large concern told us, "or if he worries all through a business trip about the questions and recriminations in store for him when he gets home, then he's not going to go far with us. The man may have all the ability in the world," he continued, "but when we give him a job to do, we want him to put his whole mind on it. If one half of his mind is busy thinking up explanations for every 10-minute absence—he just won't do."

Next in their list of qualities for the ideal wife, executives place understanding of a man's work. Said one of them, "I am constantly being amazed at the number of women who don't seem to have any idea of what their husbands do for a living. They know what street the office or the plant is on. They know



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"Indigestion"

often is only a minor discomfort due to improper habits of eating and drinking, nervousness, fatigue, and emo-

tional strain.



Sometimes, however, "indigestion" may be a warning sign of certain diseases.

So, if you have "indigestion" frequently, you should see your doctor. Remember... better digestion is a step toward better health!

The digestive system has been likened to a chemical factory. Here, innumerable gland cells manufacture juices which act chemically upon the food we eat, so that it can be absorbed and used by the body.

When the system fails to function properly, "indigestion" usually results. Fortunately, this condition can generally be corrected by following a few common sense rules, under the guidance of your physician. He may suggest changes in your diet, eating moderately, keeping in good physical condition, and avoiding mental or emotional tensions.

Whatever may be the cause of your "indigestion," prompt diagnosis and any necessary treatment offer the best chance for cure. Today, new drugs and new surgical methods hold promise for better control of physical diseases of

the digestive system. In certain types of cases, some doctors are finding psychotherapy increasingly important.

If you have frequent attacks of "indigestion," don't try to be your own doctor. The continued use of home remedies may do more harm than good, and may delay the start of proper medical care.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

need a pound of butter or the baby swallows a safety pin. But of what goes on after their husbands run for the bus in the a.m., what they face each day, the problems they have and the kinks that come up, many wives have a complete lack of understanding."

This, they say, has a very distinct influence on a man's work. And it's fairly logical that it should have. When a man comes home after a business triumph to a wife who can't—or won't—discuss it intelligently, he must feel much the same as a woman who slaves over the well-known hot stove all day fixing something her husband is supposed to go into eestasies over—only to have him eat it without comment.

That Lost Bill of Lading

If a husband takes no interest in his meals, his wife is not too interested in preparing them. Similarly, say the men who watch for ambition and initiative among the juniors of their firms, when a wife takes no interest in her husband's business, it tends to slacken—to some degree at least—his own interest in it.

No one is suggesting, of course, that a wife should know how many long-distance calls her husband's firm put into New York last week. Or what the boss has been saying via the teletype recently. And certainly no one is even hinting that the wife should decide when the time is ripe to hit the firm for a raise. But when a husband comes home in a stew because a bill of lading has been lost or a carload of No. 7 screws has been derailed, it's nice if his wife knows what a bill of lading or a No. 7 screw is. So she can cluck with the proper degree of sympathy if nothing else.

It pays a woman richly, say the Chiefs, to learn as much about her husband's business as she possibly can. Not because of any particularly concrete help she'll ever be able to give him in it. But because of the psychological lift it gives a man to be able to let off steam to someone who understands what it's all about. It makes a big difference in a man's attitude toward his work.

Next on the list of requisites for the wife of the budding tycoon is that fine old art of keeping her husband looking his best at all times. The matter of appearance on the job is of such prime importance that it just can't be overrated. Shining shoes, a clean handkerchief, a fresh shirt-all have a tremendous bearing on who gets the next promotion. And if a man has a habit of becoming so involved with a slide rule or an insurance program or a new campaign that he doesn't notice the spot on his lapel or the hole in his sock, it will pay his wife well to do his thinking for him along these lines. It may seem like a bit of a chore to keep a man's trousers creased and his shoes shined-but if he'll look respectable only if his wife makes the extra effort, then it will pay her to make the extra effort.

And while on the subject of appearance, these employers also brought up the old fable that a man's clothes aren't noticed. Said one of them: "A man's suit may be an unobtrusive blue or an unobtrusive brown or an unobtrusive grey. But the shine on the seat of his pants isn't so unobtrusive after he's worn them for five years."

"Many a wife," he said, "seems to Continued on page 45

Steal All Hearts



Three hundred leading fashion stores across Canada serve you better by featuring Ricky Formals.

Draped bodice, contrasting band 'round the full,

waltzing skir About \$39.95.

BOTH 28...BUT



If your skin is adding years to your looks, start using triple-action Noxzema Cold Cream regularly. It deep-cleanses—removes surface dirt that clouds your complexion. It softens and smooths out dry-skin lines and roughness. It stimulates—makes your skin glow.

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Use this unique cold cream for just ten days—then see if your face doesn't look fresher—younger! Get Noxzema Cold Cream at any drug or department store today. 21¢, 39¢, 63¢.



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Forever Yours

by Adele White

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UR CHATELAINE Beauty Survey shows that the majority of women receive their finest and most expensive perfumes at Christmas. It's the perfect gift . . . and the nicest compliment that can be paid to you by the man in your life. But . . . even though men may do the actual purchasing, it's a rare one who has enough scent-sense to make a choice without benefit of feminine advice. And so . . . with holly wreaths and mistletoe in the offing, better be prepared to give out strong hints as to your favorite scent . . . or sound advice for someone else.

Perfume is more than a casual accessory. It is a precious commodity . . . the very essence of acres and acres of flowers. It has the same appeal to sense of smell as a lovely corsage has to the eye or sweet

music to the ear. Also . . . it is one of the most potent ways of making both you and an occasion unforgettable. Nothing brings back memories more vividly than the whiff of some familiar, perhaps almost forgotten fragrance. It will be indelibly inscribed as part of your personality.

As your scent is so closely associated with you . . . as it's an important part of the impres-

sion you make on others, better be sure you achieve the right effect. Choose a fragrance that harmonizes and enhances your special qualities. For example, if you're the gay, popular type—the kind everyone feels at home with, wear a light, warm scent . . . lotus, gardenia or a fresh tweedy smell. If, on the other hand, you have a flair for the dramatic . . . if you tend toward exotic clothes and hair-dos, your temperament will best be reflected by a tantalizing blend—with an Oriental flavor . . . a bit heady and sultry. But . . . if you're the most female of the species, a womanly woman, don't overshadow your quiet charm with a three-bell-alarm scent; flowery odors such as lavender, honeysuckle, lilac will be best for you.

An experienced perfumer, in choosing a fragrance, very often uses the blotting paper test. He shakes a few drops on a narrow • Continued on page 44





Beauty

HIS Christmas . . . more than ever before . . . cosmetics and toiletries are colorful, sweet-smelling and beautifully packaged. After the lean years, where restrictions made the demand so much greater than the supply, there's an air of luxury and plenty in the array of bottles, jars and Cellophane boxes on display. Before starting off with a yard-long shopping list, better jot down some of the newest ideas and novelties in this season's crop of gifts of beauty.

The trend seems to be veering away from the huge, satin-lined chests, which always before have been highlighted. Now there are smaller boxes, equally pretty and taking up much less space on a dressing table, containing only one or two items. For example, bath powder and cologne: cake make-up and skin lotion: face powder, rouge and lipstick. There's an eye-catching Chinese cup and saucer holding a popular brand of lipstick and nail lacquer: a two-in-one hand cream box . . . one jar for the bathroom, the other for the kitchen; attractive plastic containers for manicuring equipment which makes an objet d'art for the dresser, rather than work-a-day tool box to be kept out of sight.

FOR THE GIRL who's on the go . . . there's a wide variety of traveling kits . . . from small envelope types holding powder, lipstick and rouge, and taking up practically no room, to the efficient leather overnight bags, with everything you need for skin care and face-fixing and with room for a nightie, slippers, brush and comb.

HERE'S A BREAK for habitual lipstick losers. Compacts with built-in lipsticks. One especially ingenious type comes in black and gold enamel, with a lipstick used as the clasp of the compact . . . another has the lipstick fitted into a groove beside the powder container.

HOW WOULD YOU like to give your best girl friend an empty powder box for Christmas? With a note telling her to take it to a certain cosmetic counter where an expert in that field will blend a face powder exactly to her complexion. Then she'll be given a number which she can use to buy refills the same shade.

A CURE for the swollen pocketbook, is a single carry-all which holds folding money, small change a compact and a lipstick. It is a small-sized wallet which comes in green, red or black leather.

HERE ARE highlights in Christmas tree decorations . . . and which also are useful gifts. A frosted

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showman wearing a bow tie of green ribbon with a holly-red hat. Lurking behind him will be a bottle of toilet water. Also tiny flower pots with sprigs of forget-me-nots stalking out of them and concealing small vials of perfume.

For Junior Miss, there is face cream, skin lotion, powder and lipstick wrapped in a blue-and-white dotted handkerchief . . . which can later be worn as a scarf or a kerchief. Or a straw basket tied with gold cord, and holding cosmetics, which eventually can be used as a breadbasket on the family luncheon table.

FOR THE LAST word in lip-lore . . . a folding acetate container with twin lipsticks . . . one soft-toned for daytime wear, the other a more dramatic shade for night.

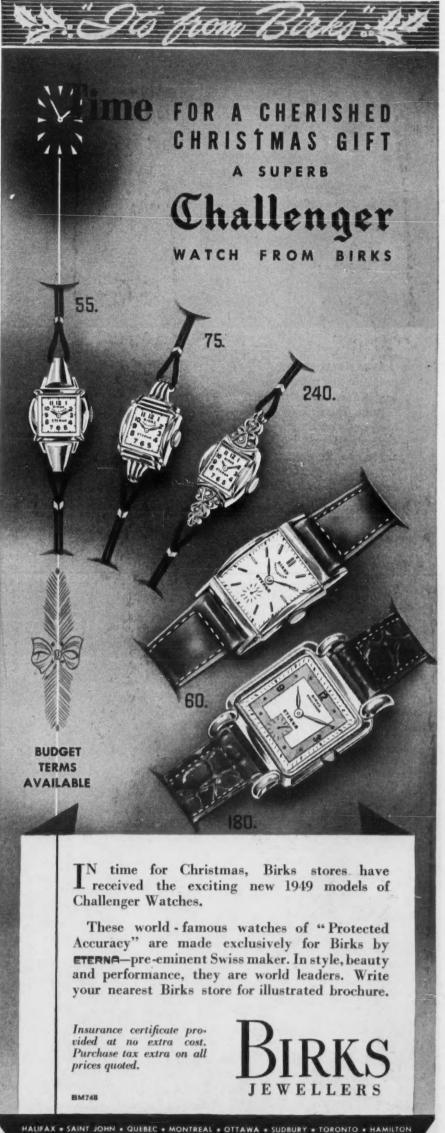
THIS MAY sound like a pretty businesslike piece of equipment, but for the gal who likes gadgets ... nothing could be finer! It's a brush-curler that brushes the hair, combs it and inserts a bobby pin, one ... two ... three ... in one simple operation.

WITH EMPHASIS on hem lines . . . petticoats, ruffles on dresses and the graceful swirl of full skirts, great care must be taken that stockings are superperfect. And no woman can have too many of 'em. If you're giving pairs of stockings remember hat the variety of colors is the best feature of hose this year . . . also the cobweb sheerness of nylons. Also remember that two pairs, the same shade, will last four times as long as one pair . . . they can be matched up if one stocking gets a run.

EVERY DAY . . . in every way men are becoming fussier and fussier about their own special toiletries. Gone is the time when a cake of shaving soap and a toothbrush were their only concession to grooming. When you're shopping for the men of the family look for the very handsome sets of black, white, red or green porcelain jars containing shaving soap, talc, after-shave lotion, and toilet water with matching pair of military brushes. They're rather expensive but the jars can be used indefinitely, as refills can be bought at little cost. The design and rolor will make any guy feel very much a man bout town.

AND . . . for the girl who wants a little curl . . . just enough ends turned under for a soft glamour bob, how about a home permanent kit? There are gay holly-decorated Christmas boxes to start her off on pretty hair-dos, which won't be too great a strain on her pin money.





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THERE'S ELBOW ROOM for four big people in this new standard chesterfield length Port Chester settee by Imperial Loyalist. There's length to stretch out luxuriously on homespun covered, Airfoam cushioned, Everest seats and backs. And, above all these practical values, there's the lasting loveliness of Imperial Loyalist*—engineered in wood.



PORT CHESTER

GROUP CHE



Perfume Forever Yours

Continued from page 41

strip of blotter, sets it aside for four hours, then sniffs with a critical nose to see what has happened. What he's looking for is an intriguing smell—and one that will retain its character.

Do as the expert does. Never make perfume choosing a hurried affair... a spur-of-the-moment decision. It should be on trial for several hours... or even overnight. The girl behind the counter, if she knows her job, will encourage you to dab a different scent on each wrist, then come back later to make your final choice... or to try out a couple more brands. A good perfume has 20 to 30 different ingredients and some evaporate faster than others. The time element, therefore, is important in choosing a lasting scent.

A Drop Here and There

How you apply your perfume is pretty much a matter of individual taste . . . a dab behind each ear and on your wrists and perhaps a touch at the base of the throat. Long-legged gals who may be as tall, or even taller than their dancing partners will find a small bit of absorbent cotton, with a few drops shaken on and tucked down the front of their dress, an elusive and effective way of disseminating fragrance. Shorties . . . the 5 ft. 3 and under . . . will do well to spray a fine mist over their hair.

Always apply perfume directly to the skin as the warmth of it will make evaporation faster—and evaporation is what causes the pleasant odor. Also, some perfumes are allergic to the chemicals in certain fabrics—the quality of the scent changes.

Perfume . . . Cologne

Perfume is concentrated fragrance . . . takes as much as 500 lbs, of petals to make one ounce of scent. It should be used with restraint . . . too much perfume can be alarming rather than alluring—besides it's a great waste.

Toilet water is a light blending of perfume oils, with enough alcohol to allow it to be sprayed quite lavishly.

Cologne has an even higher alcoholic content and can be used as an all-over body rub.

Once you've chosen a certain fragrance, carry it right through all your toiletries, so you won't have two or more strong scents vying with one another. Apply your perfume at least 15 minutes before you step out.

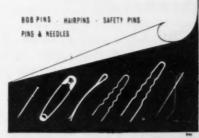
When you find a scent that does just the right things for you . . . that puts you "in the mood," it's economical to buy a large sized bottle. But keep it tucked away in a dark place . . . use an atomizer or a crystal flacon on your dressing table with only a small amount of perfume, as strong light has a detrimental effect on the ingredients.

And . . . one last tip, straight from Parisian salons. To have a perfume of your very own . . . one that won't be copied by anyone else, choose two scents which are basically in harmony with one another, and blend them into one delectable fragrance. Then, like a jealous cook who guards the recipe of a special sauce, don't tell your secret formula. In that way you'll have a perfume, forever yours.

Kirby Beard Specialities

...those unobtrusive essentials to the well-dressed woman's ensemble. Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham, 12, and obtainable everywhere









Now, at the first sign of sore toes from new or tight shoes, do this: Apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain ends at once and corns stopped before they can develop! But—if you have corns, callouses or bunions—these thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction and lift pressure on the sensitive spotlement.



Remove Corns, Cellouses
Used with the separate
Medications included, Dr.
Scholl's Zino-pads quickly
remove corns and callouses.
Try this wonderful relief.
Sold the world over.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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"Nobe more. My w visit r Continued from page 40

feel that because her husband's clothes are dark, he can wear one suit for all of his natural life. This is presumably because, so long as she is beside him in her bright new outfit, no one is going to notice him anyway. Well, unfortunately," this particular executive continued, "we haven't room in our offices for all our men's wives. So we have to judge a man by his own clothes—not by those of his spouse. And if those clothes are frayed and tired, dark and unobtrusive though they may be, the judgment is apt to be harsh."

So much, then, for the wife a boss sees through the attitude, the appearance and the ability of her husband. Now for the wife a boss sees in person—at office parties, by chance meetings or, perhaps, in her own home.

We asked a number of men what they noticed first in an employee's wife. And all being normal males replied promptly

"appearance."

None of them expressed any particular preference for blondes, but all said they were very much impressed, one way or the other, in the matter of dress and grooming. As one man put it, "When one of my chaps presents as his wife an attractively dressed, well-groomed woman, my opinion of him can't help but go up a notch or two. On the other hand, if he comes through with something dowdy and untidy, I just naturally begin to wonder about him . . ."

On a par with appearance come good manners. And good manners, they agree, are more than knowing how to murmur "thank you" with the proper amount of feeling when someone passes you a cupcake.

Conga in The Ladies' Room

The manners they mean involve knowing how to act when out at a business affair with the man of the family.

"A wife should remember," said one of our men, "that when she is 'on business' with her husband, he is the one who takes the bows. When a girl leads a conga line through the ladies' washroom or takes a drink too many and does an imitation of Katharine Hepburn—she is actually doing him no service. And as for the wife who comes all over coy and tells me that her husband needs a raise..." he shook his head helplessly.

head helplessly.

Maybe she thin

Maybe she thinks that by being the life of the party she is going to have the chief gazing at her with admiration and commenting approvingly on the "bright young thing" that Joe married. Actually the comment, according to what we learned, is more likely to be that Joe would make a good sales manager—but he'd have to meet business prospects socially. And good grief, how would that look at an important party!

The good manners, so vital in public, stretch to double importance when they enter a man's own home. When, and if, the boss and his wife are being enter-

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And this, according to several top men, is something of which there is far too little. Said one president plaintively, "Nobody ever asks me anywhere any more. And I find it very disappointing. My wife and I would like very much to visit my men and their wives in their

homes occasionally. But none of them ever invite us."

Another vice-president told us that when he was a junior in his firm, he and his wife quite often entertained his employer and wife. They did this, he said, because they liked him, and because they felt it was only common courtesy to pay him the compliment of inviting him to their home. "Of course," he said, "we were careful in the way we did it. After all, the man who holds your career in his hand deserves a certain amount of respect. You don't just give him a shout any day and suggest potluck.

"When a man wants to have the boss over," he said, "he should try to arrange something that will be worth-while for him to come to. He could, for example, find out what his hobbies are, or what he is particularly interested in, and ask some expert along these lines to come at the same time.

The Boss Is Embarrassed

"And once he gets there," this man said, "the junior's wife makes or breaks the occasion. If she is perfectly natural, friendly and obviously glad that he is there—then everyone is going to have a good time. The boss is going to decide that if Joe is as sound in business judgment as he is in the matter of women—he'll be of real service to the firm. In short, the evening isn't going to do Joe's career any harm.

"If, on the other hand, she has hired a couple of maids for the occasion, arranged entertainment for which she has no facilities and is consequently stiff and ill at ease—then the whole thing is

going to be a complete bust.

"Nothing could be more embarrassing to the senior executive of a firm," continued this vice-president, "than to have one of his juniors putting on a show for his benefit. Never mind if the chief has a mile-long driveway and a footman lurking in the front hall. He doesn't expect the young man he's hired to keep up with him socially—not on the salary he's paying him."

Another said that, whereas he had no aversion to children, it always irked him if he called a man at home by prearrangement on some business matter and had to wheedle Junior into letting him speak to Daddy. "It seems to me," he said, "that when a business call is coming through, a man and a woman should be able to keep the small fry away from the telephone."

But while the treatment of the boss is obviously important to a man's career, one of the bosses themselves presented an entirely new angle. "I am far more impressed," he said, "when one of my men's wives is thoughtful about her husband's juniors, than I am when she is thoughtful about me. This is not just because I am fond of softhearted ladies who are kind to those beneath them," he assured us, "but because I think that-besides being nice-it is good business. When one of a man's juniors becomes a father-and his wife sends a card; or when a man's junior has illness in the family and his wife calls to see how things are going -(those things create a warm loyalty among the juniors toward that woman's husband. And when I am considering various men for a promotion," he said, "it is the chap who has the backing of the men who will be working for him who will get the job."



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The PRESTO COOKER cooks food to perfection in minutes instead of hours—saves an hour every single day—365 days in the year—for the rest of her life.

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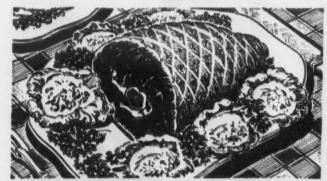
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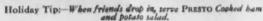
The original model 3½ qt. \$16.95. Holds 3 pint jars for canning. The small PRESTO COOKER cooking makes food more appetizing—more nutritious—more tasty because speedy PRESTO COOKER cooking does not "cook out" the important and valuable food minerals and vitamins. Natural food colour and flavour are retained.

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Bless Their Little Hearts

Continued from page 4

one another in ear-splitting order. Shrill screams, whoops and catcalls bounce off the living room walls, and loud thuds signify that the frolic is a solid hit.

Your self-possession will be shattered completely when you discover that not only the Smithers boy cheats shamelessly, but your own flesh and blood isn't above slipping off the blindfold when she's in a tight corner.

Be prepared, too, for the capriciousness of the infant mind. For while you tack the inevitable donkey on the wall, a few close friends may disappear, and not be discovered until the supper hour. They lock themselves in the bathroom for some old-fashioned gossip, and exhaust the hot'-water supply while experimenting with the bath spray. And as you pound the piano for Musical Chairs, the patter of prowling feet will reach you from cellar to sewing room.

By the time you have doled out adhesive plasters and "a gift for everybody," you'll be breathing heavily, and praying in desperation for five o'clock. Little people collide in the halls, and jam the doorways, and thoughts of escape over the roof cross your mind.

Throw open the dining room door, confirming your worst fears that Somebody's Darling has been nibbling, and thunder charmingly, "Come along, children." The stampede is on. Chairs tumble, silver clatters to the floor, and voices are raised in bickering and lamentation.

Hopefully, I await some word of thanks from Barbara when she sees the clusters of balloons, the spiraling streamers, the spruce and holly festoons . . .

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"Hey lookit, kids," she screams gleefully, "Paper!" and she pulls a fork through the special yuletide tablecloth.

Giggling with abandon, wild-eyed infants soon lie inert in their chairs, burping loudly. Ice-cream spoons are given a last lingering lick before being jammed into the Venetian blinds, and one pigtailed prankster discovers that straws and bonbons make keen firing material. Some urchin insists on plunging a pudgy paw into the Santa Claus centrepiece, scattering favors far and wide and bringing on a near riot.

After the inevitable last-minute trips to the bathroom, the party begins to disintegrate. Though physically spent and spiritually bruised, you stand by to help locate missing gloves, reallocate hankies, or retrieve trampled hairbows.

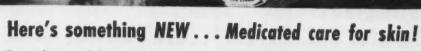
Then, quite unexpectedly, you will notice a beautiful emptiness about the house. But as you sink upon your bed of pain, the telephone starts clamoring, and irate mothers demand that you surrender Master Bobby's helmet, or report testily that little punkin's blue sash is ripped. I have found the only way to handle this and stay sane is to hang up the receiver very gently . . . and make tracks for the smelling salts.

Barbara soon wanders into my darkened room, her arms loaded with nursing sets, beads, dolls' clothes and cutouts.

"Golly, mom, we had lots of fun, didn't we?" she sighs. "Everybody says it was the best party they've been to. See, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

And as I lie here flat on my back, picturing those merry-making moppets . . . I guess it was.





Proved successful! 4 out of 5 women gain softer, smoother skin in tests supervised by doctors.

If you have some little thing wrong with your skin – dryness, roughness, or tiny blemishes... don't cover up a poor complexion. You may make it worse! Try medicated care—the new way to care for your complexion. Proved effective in tests on 181 women supervised by doctors. Results were startling!

Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks! Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled to discover the marked improvement that Noxzema brought to their skin.

Yes, Noxzema medicated care helps heal tiny skin flaws. Start this simple, 4 step beauty treatment now!

MORNING—1. Bathe face with warm water. Apply Noxzema to a wet cloth. Gently "cream-wash" your face. 2. Apply Noxzema as a protective powder base.

EVENING—3. Repeat morning cleansing. Dry gently. 4. Massage Noxzema into your face. Pat extra Noxzema on blemishes.

NOXZEMA

At all drug and cosmetic counters 21¢, 49¢, 69¢ and \$1.39

Now That I'm Growing Old

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Continued from page 24

a stop. A cheerful colored girl, passing the time of day as he unloaded, told me Mrs. Roosevelt was expecting me, but hadn't got back yet. She'd been up and out early . . . picking raspberries. I was to go in and make myself at home.

She came in with the dogs - a country grandmother in a pink seersucker dress. It was difficult to realize that the indistinct staccato from somewhere down the hall was the steady typing of a famous woman's secretary - preparing important international documents, readying newspaper, magazine and radio pieces, acknowledging the thousands of letters that arrive monthly from all parts of the world. Or that the woman who sat now, relaxed, chatting about the garden and the cottage name (Val-Kill is Dutch for "Brook in the Fields"), was probably known to more people of this 20th-century universe than any other individual of her time.

What manner of woman is this? you have said so often. So I had asked her if I might come to her house and report back to you. And I know now that the first and most important thing in the world about Eleanor Roosevelt is that she is at peace with herself; and being with her, you find you cannot but be likewise. Where has this woman, in her middle sixties-approaching age with such serenity-found her strength and simplicity in the most tumultuous series of years and events anyone could ex-

She has learned wisdom through discipline; and she believes wholly and

Superlative Creations

fundamentally in the dignity of every human being. I think it is as simple

"The basic fact of being a human being must carry with it, in itself, the right to respect. This-and not race, color, religion or the different levels of development of different peoples should be the determining factor in attitude," she said, slowly and thoughtfully, with the careful phrasing characteristic of her speech.

"You want to know how it feels to grow old, and not to mind? To carry on as nearly as possible as one has always done, in spite of approaching infirmities? For I'm a little deaf now, and can't always catch the name of everyone who comes into a room, and remember it, as I once tried to do; and I am not allowed to ride and walk as much as I used to!"

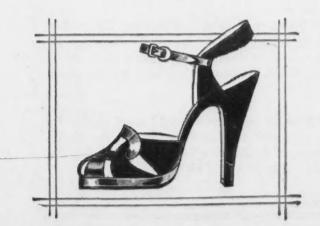
I nodded. Her eyes were amused,

'To grow old is to grow patient, for in slowing you down physically, nature also makes you aware that a great many things you hoped for in the world won't happen tomorrow or the next day.

"If you have spent years in political life, you become more objective. You learn that much of the turmoil and even attack which seems bitterest has no real personal bearing. It has political meaning, and is done for political reasons. And there are people who will use all kinds of methods to achieve what they think can be achieved. Failing to make their attack on the objective count, they turn to attack the individuals who are associated with the objective. When that fails, they go on to something else. In itself, the

Continued on page 80

Golden Pheasant Thoes







From the Institute

The Night Before Christmas



by MARIE HOLMES

Director Chatelaine Institute

MAS the night before Christmas and all round the house there's merriment aplenty. This is the one time of the year when friends and relatives from here, there and everywhere are drawn together into home circles. One circle is sure to be around the Christmas tree with each friend and member of the family doing his bit of tinsel draping. Then when the last ornament is in place, even the topmost star, the circle forms round the piano to sing favorite carols.

Later, with the lighting of the candles on the supper table, the circle moves into the dining room. Just seems that these three "rounds": make a Christmas Eve celebration in many Canadian homes.

It's hard to choose the best "round" but we think the supper table would get the most votes, especially if it's spread with festivelooking food bedecked with "Christmassy" garnishes—see opposite page.

On our table we've carried out the cheery motive of the evening—the carol singsong and tree trimming symbolized by the group of minstrels atop the evergreen branches. Flickering candlelight will enhance the whole table. (Yes, you've guessed it, the candleholders are eggcups. An innovation, we admit, but one you might find useful.)

There's more to the menu than the predominant color scheme of red, green and white. The foods themselves were selected with an eye to economy and variance from the more usual holiday specialties. We considered, too, the busy homemaker who has the big dinner to cook and serve next day. Therefore our Christmas Eve party dishes are ones that can be prepared almost entirely in advance. Part of the fun of a buffet supper is the help-yourself service. So you'll notice we made it easy for the guests, too. There's nothing on the table that requires tricky service—not even a roast to carve.

A Supper to Sing About

There should be one hot dish for a wintry night so we devised the Holiday Chop Suey. It's a happy combination of a little meat, some vegetables, enlivened with raisins and nuts, cooked together just enough to be tender and develop the flavors. (That's the secret for a successful chop suey—each ingredient retains its identity yet all contribute to the rich flavor blend of the finished dish.) To give our chop suey

the "holiday" touch we've introduced tomato in the sauce and topped it with red chili sauce. For further contrast surround it with the fluffy boiled rice and, as our picture suggests, encircle it with a border of tiny parsley sprigs. One of the many points in favor of our chop suey is that it can be cooked early in the day, then heated (in the double boiler or in a covered dish in the oven), just before serving.

Relishes—everybody likes. And, because this is a tree-trimming party, we put our appetizers on a wooden tree. Perched on toothpicks are pickled maraschino cherries, little green gherkins and cream cheese balls (rolled in toasted nuts). Decorating the topmost point is a pickle, cream cheese and cherry star, firmly set with toothpicks into a cream cheese ball. (Nothing elaborate to prepare and just as effective as much fussier appetizers!)

Something cool, crisp and refreshing — belongs to a supper menu pattern. So we put on our table a Cranberry Wreath Salad (cranberries and celery, spiced with horse-radish, jellied in a ring mold). When it's turned out on a white plate, garnished with celery leaves and the centre filled with clove-studded spiced pears, what could be more in keeping with the occasion? (Don't forget to set out a bowl of mayonnaise to go with it.)

A homemade sweet bread—will be ever so popular. By braiding the dough and using a festive decoration of snowy-white frosting with red jelly in the crevices, your sweet bread can be a baking triumph. When serving the Festive Jelly Braid, cut in slices and have the butter dish nearby.

The minstrel figures in the background should enjoy singing for this supper. No need to consider their appetites, though—their bodies are wire, clothed in crepe paper! But they join with us in saying, "A Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

Wedgwood China courtesy Wm. Junor Ltd. Forks-"Danish Princess." Serving Pieces-"Acorn" George Jensen.

WITH FREE-RUNNING WINDSOR SALT!



EVEN though you may enjoy cooking, the making of a meal is no small matter. You must plan it first ... prepare the food ... do the actual cooking ... set the table . . . serve the meal. It all adds up! Yet your efforts can result in a dull, disappointing meal, if you forget the simplest touch of all . . . the salt. Salt, to bring to life ... to sharpen . . . to unlock the full, rich, hidden flavour of buttery corn, savoury meats, vegetables, salads . . . every kind of food.

So much depends on the salt, and WINDSOR is the salt to depend on. Canada's housewives, famous for expert cooking, have always counted on WINDSOR SALT for supreme purity, free-running

qualities, and enhancement of fine food flavour.

Remember, the flavour is always there; but it takes that pinch of salt to unlock it! So when you order salt, order the finest ... WINDSOR!

For Finer Food Flavouring





Teals of the Month



LUNCHEON or SUPPER

DINNER

M

2

BREAKFAST WED Sliced Oranges Cereal
Toasted Whole-wheat Bread
Marmalade
Coffee
Tea THU Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea FRI Stewed Prunes
Cereal
Toasted Scones
Conserve
Coffee
Tea 3 SAT

SUN

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MON

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TUE

WED

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FRI

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MON

13

TUE

14

WED

15

THU

16

FRI

SAT 18

SUN

Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Coast Marmalade Toast Coffee

Half Grapefruit Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Tea

Grape Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea

Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Coffee Cocoa

Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea Toast Coffee

Half Grapefruit
Cereal
Toasted Bran Muffins
(leftover)
Marmalade
Coffee Tea

Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee

Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Conserve Tea Toast Coffee

Grapefruit Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Offee Tea Coffee

Orange Juice Cereal Grape Jam Tea Toast Coffee

Tomato Juice Toast Red Currant Jelly Coffee Tea

Blended Vegetable Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee Cocoa

Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee

Grape Juice Oatmeal Porridge Marmalade Tea Toast Coffee

Stewed Prunes Cereal Grape Jelly Tea Toast Coffee

Orange Halves Hot Cereal Toast Coffee

Pea Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Applesauce Drop Cookies Cocoa

Scrambled Eggs on Toast Stewed Tomatoes Celery Sticks Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa

Macaroni and Cheese Chili Sauce
Coleslaw
Canned Pears
Cup Cakes
Cocoa Tea

Wieners and Rolls Prepared Mustard Tossed Salad Individual Cup Custards Tea Cocoa

Peas in Cream of Chicken Soup Sauce on Hot Biscuits Raw Relishes Ice Cream Chocolate Cake Tea Cocoa

Cheese Soufflé Chili Sauce Hard Rolls Citrus Fruit Cup Chocolate Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa

Peanut Butter and Bacon Sandwiches Coleslaw Maple Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa

Cream of Asparagus Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Honey Tea Cocoa

Scrambled Eggs
Toast
Celery Carrot Sticks
Jam Turnovers
Cocoa

Tomato Bouillon
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Sliced Bananas and Oranges
Cookies
Tea
Cocoa

Creamed Eggs and Vegetables on Toast Points Salad Greens Applesauce Doughnuts Tea Cocoa

Tea Cocoa

Cream of Celery Soup
Mixed Fruit Salad
Rolls
White Cake Fluffy Icing Cocoa Tea

Chicken à la King Tossed Green Salad Chocolate Rennet Custard Vanilla Cookies Tea Cocoa

Baked Beans Brown Bread Coleslaw
Diced Fruits in Jelly
Fea Cocoa

Bread and Cheese Casserole Corn Relish Canned Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa

Cream of Mushroom Soup Fruit Salad (grapefruit sections, pears, cottage cheese) Coffee Roll Tea Cocoa

Stuffed Baked Potato Cabbage Salad Sliced Oranges Sugar Doughnuts

Tomato Rarebit on Toast
Pickled Onions
Jellied Applesauce with
Cherries
Drop Cakes
Too Tea

Cocoa Peanut Butter and Jam Sandwiches Celery Hearts Prune Whip with Custard Sauce Cocoa

Lamb Stew with Potato Dumplings Tossed Salad Butterscotch Pudding Coffee Tea

Grilled Liver and Bacon French Fried Potatoes Peas and Carrots Date Cream Pie Coffee Tea

Coffee

Tomato Juice
Salmon Loaf
Parsley Potatoes Green Beana
Hot Gingerbread and
Whipped Cream
Coffee
Tea

Stuffed Spare Ribs Baked Potatoes Buttered Beets Quick Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea

Short Rib Roast of Beef Roast Potatoes Turnips Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea

Cold Sliced Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Tossed Salad Butter Tarts Coffee Tea

Coffee Tea

Meat Pie (leftover meat)
Potato Topping
Glazed Parsnips
Mustard Pickles
Apple Crisp
Coffee Tea

Grilled Sausages in Yorkshire
Pudding
Parsley Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Fruit Cup
Cookies
Coffee Tea

Meat Balls in Tomato Sauce Boiled Potatoes String Beans Orange Bread Pudding Coffee Tea

Baked White Fish Parsley Potatoes Carrots
Celery Curls
Lemon Meringue Pie
Coffee Tea

Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Mashed Potatoes Wax Beans Plum Roly-poly Coffee Tea

Roast Chicken,
Savory Dressing
Browned Potatoes Pear
Peach Upside-down Cake
Coffee Tea

Boiled Brisket
Baked Potatoes
Vegetable Macedoine
Baked Stuffed Apples
Coffee Tea

Swiss Steak
Chili Sauce
Pan-browned Potatoes
Carrots
Rice and Raisin Custard
Coffee
Tea Coffee Meat Pie with Biscuit

Topping
French Fried Potatoes
Escalloped Tomatoes
Boston Cream Pie
Coffee Tea

Boiled Pork Hocks
Pan-browned Potatoes
Sauerkraut
Celery and Carrot Sticks
Johnny Cake Maple Syrup
Coffee Tea

Baked Haddock in Milk Riced Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea

Shoulder Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea

Rump Roast of Beef Baked Potatoes Breaded Parsnips Mixed Pickle Dutch Apple Pie Coffee Tea

MON

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TUE

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SUN

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MON

Coffee

BREAKFAST

Blenden J. Cereal
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Marmalade
Tea

Half Grapefruit Hot Cereal Conserve Tea

Jam Tea

Jelly Tea

Toast Coffee

Toast Coffee

Grape Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Brown Toast Coffee

Tangerine Juice Cereal

LUNCHEON or SUPPER

DINNER

Hot Beef Sandwich Potato Chips Cabbage Salad Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa Tea

Spaghetti and Tomatoes Grated Carrot and Raisin Salad Maple Bayarian Cream Hermits Tea Cocoa

Potato Soup Vegetable Salad Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa

Rice and Tomato Casserole
Bread Sticks
Celery and Carrot Fingers
Canned Fruit Cookies
Tea Cocoa

Curried Eggs on Toast Cabbage Salad Caramel Pudding Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa

Grilled Country Sausages
Mashed Potatoes
Corn Tomato Casserole
Vanilla Blancmange
Cranberry Sauce
Coffee
Tea

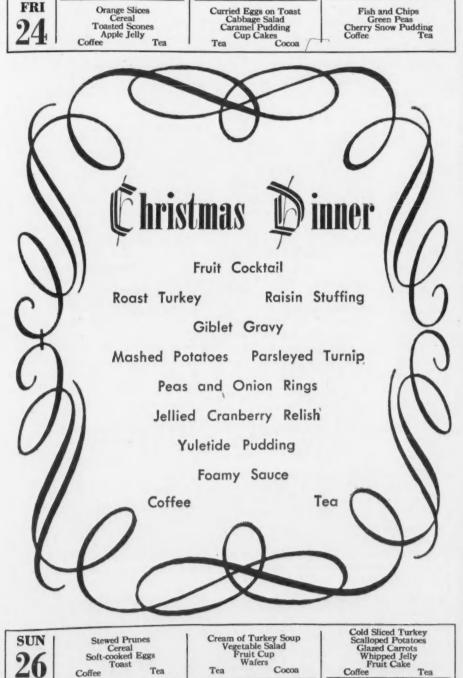
Cranberry Sauce
Coffee Tea

Cold Sliced Roast Beef
Creamed Potatoes
Steamed Mashed Squash
Plum Double Boiler Pudding
Lemon Sauce
Coffee Tea

Meat Loaf
Horse Radish Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Boiled Onions
Broiled Half Grapefruit
Coffee Tea

Boiled Corned Beef
Creamed Potatoes
Boiled Cabbage
Mustard Pickles
Baked Apple and Cream
Coffee Tea

Fish and Chips Green Peas Cherry Snow Pudding Coffee Tea



Stuffed Potatoes
Carrot and Celery Slaw
Canned Berries
Assorted Cookies
Tea Cocoa Grapefruit Juice Cereal Corn Bread Sy Coffee Te 27 Salmon Scallop Brown Rolls Canned Plums Nut Coffee Bun a Cocoa TUE Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toasted Brown Rolls Coffee Tea 28 Orange Juice Cornmeal Porridge Marmalade Tea Toasted Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches Fruited Jelly Cookies Tea WED 20 Toast Coffee Coffee

Breaded Veal Cutlets
Mashed Potatoes
Whipped Parsnips and Carrots
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Cherry Pie
Coffee

Tea Scrambled Eggs on Toast Chili Sauce Celery Curls Spiced Apple Compote Tea Cocoa THU Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal 30 Toast Coffee FRI Cheese Soufflé Cabbage and Carrot Salad Pears Half Grapefruit Cereal

Pears Fudge Squares Cocoa

Cold Sliced Turkey Scalloped Potatoes Glazed Carrots Whipped Jelly Pruit Cake Coffee Tea Coffee

Coffee Tea
Cream of Corn Souge
Wieners Buttered Noodles
Sauerkraut with Caraway
Seed
Coconut Orange Tapioca
Coffee Tea

Coffee

Barbecued Spareribs
Browned Potatoes
Baked Squash
Steamed Fruit Pudding
Lemon Sauce
Tea

Consommé
Holiday Chop Suey
Boiled Rice
Cranberry Jelly Mold
Festive Coffee Braid

Coffee Tea

Baked Cod
Riced Potatoes
Diced Beets in Orange Sauce
Pear Gingerbread Upsidedown Cake
Coffee Tea

QUAKER OATS HELPS GROW

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow



THE GIANT OF THE CEREALS IS QUAKER OATS!

A GIANT in Nutrition!

Your youngsters get more growth, more endurance—your grownups get more energy, more stamina from nourishing oatmeal than any other whole-grain cereal! That's why Quaker Oats is recommended for a better breakfast! According to a recent survey, only 1 school child in 5 gets the kind of breakfast he should have. So doctors say, the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow! Help your children be a success by serving Quaker Oats!

A GIANT in Value!

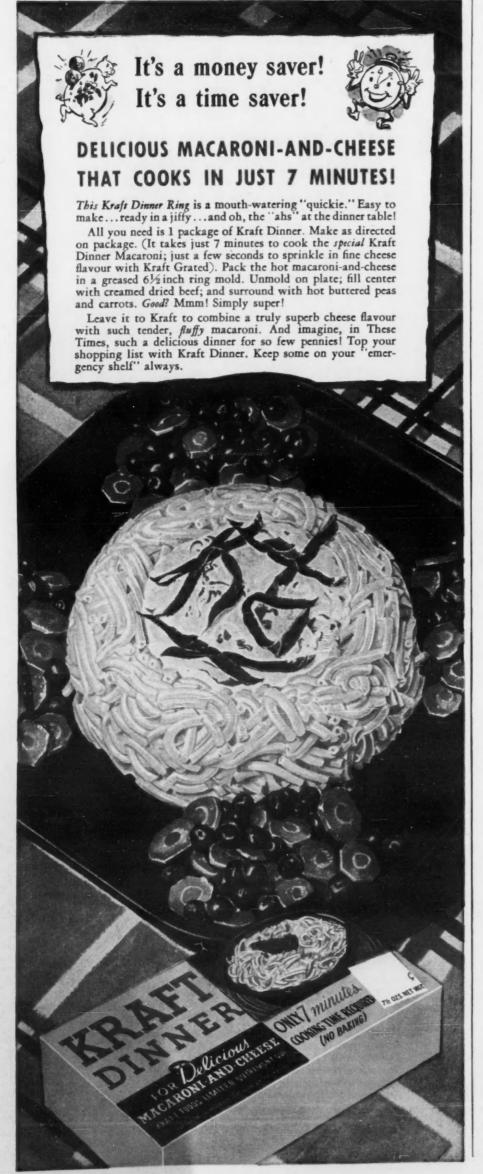
Delicious Quaker Oats still costs less than a cent a serving! That's really amazing in these days of higher food prices! Saves precious time in the morning, too, because Quick Quaker Oats cooks in less time than it takes coffee to boil.

A GIANT in Flavor!

People eat more Quaker Oats than any other cereal in the world because THEY LOVE THAT QUAKER OATS FLAVOR! Tempting recipes on the package. Remember to buy delicious Quaker Oats. The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited







Recipes for Christmas Eve

Continued from page 49

Holiday Chop Suey

9 cups boiled rice (3 cups raw) 1/2 cup blanched almonds 1/3 cup washed raisins 1/2 pound ham, diced or chopped 3 onions, coarsely chopped

2 cups celery, coarsely chopped 1/4 pound mushrooms, sliced

OR 1 tin mushrooms 3 tablespoons bacon dripping or lard

2 tablespoons Soy Sauce 1/2 teaspoon salt

1 tin condensed tomato soup 4 tablespoons tomato paste

Chili Sauce Parsley

PREPARATION: Boil rice until tender, but not mushy. Prepare nuts, raisins, ham, onions, celery and mushrooms. METHOD: Heat dripping or lard in large frying pan. Add prepared nuts, raisins, ham, onions, celery and mushrooms. (If canned mushrooms are used, add later.) Cook, stirring constantly, for 2 minutes. Add Soy Sauce, salt, tomato soup and tomato paste. Blend well. Cover and simmer for three to 5 minutes. Serve hot with rice. Garnish with chili sauce and parsley. Yield: 10 to 12 servings.

To make fluffy boiled rice: Have 6 quarts of water in large preserving kettle, boiling rapidly. Add 3 table-spoons salt. Wash 3 cups raw rice and drain in sieve. Slowly drop rice into boiling, salted water. Cook, stirring occasionally. When rice is soft but still whole (15 to 25 minutes), drain in colander. Place colander with rice covered by a cloth over steaming water to fluff and dry out.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Festive Jelly Braid

(Regular Method)

½ cup milk

4 cups sifted bread flour 3/4 cup water I package quick-rising dry yeast

OR 1 fresh compressed yeast cake 1 teaspoon sugar 1 teaspoon salt

3 tablespoons sugar

2 tablespoons soft shortening

1 egg, beaten

METHOD: Scald milk. Sift flour, then measure into large mixing bowl. Make well in centre. Add cold water to scalded milk. Remove ½ cup of combined liquids. Test for lukewarmness. When lukewarm add yeast and the 1 teaspoon sugar. Mix until blended. Let stand for 10 minutes. To liquid in saucepan add salt, sugar, shortening and egg. Add dissolved yeast. Mix well. Pour liquids into flour. Stir until liquid disappears and dough forms a smooth ball. Brush top with melted shortening. Cover and allow dough to rise at warm room temperature (75 to 85 degrees F.) for about to 11/2 hours.

Punch the dough down thoroughly, turn out on lightly floured board and knead lightly for a few seconds. Roll out to rectangular shape (about 6 inches x 12 inches). Using sharp knife cut dough lengthwise in 3 strips to within 2 inches of one end. Braid strips and tuck loose ends underneath pinching together to seal. Place braid on lightly greased cookie sheet and brush crevices with melted shortening. Cover with tea towel and let rise again in warm place until double in size. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) for 20 minutes or until golden brown. Allow to cool on wire rack.

When almost cool, decorate by icing with thin white frosting (1/2 cup icing sugar, well packed; 1 tablespoon milk and 1/4 teaspoon vanilla). Sprinkle with chopped nuts and fill crevices with jelly or jam. Yield: 2 large jelly braids.

OUICK METHOD: If desired, a package of prepared roll mix may be used in place of above dough. Follow directions on package for mixing and rising. Shape and bake braid as directed above. One package of roll mix makes 1 large braid.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Cranberry Wreath Salad

4 cups cranberries

½ cup sugar 1 cup water

1 lemon jelly powder

1 cup diced celery

2 tablespoons horse-radish

PREPARATION: Pick over and wash cranberries.

METHOD: Cook cranberries, sugar and water together until cranberry skins pop open-about 10 minutes. Put jelly powder in mixing bowl and add a little of the hot cranberry mixture, stir until jelly powder is dissolved. Add remaining cranberries. Mix well and allow to stand until thick. Fold in diced celery and horse-radish. Turn into a ring mold that has been rinsed out in cold water and chill until firm. To serve: unmold on large plate, fill centre with pickled pears or crisp mixed greens. Surround with celery leaves. Yield: 10 or 12

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Pickled Maraschino Cherries

1/4 cup white vinegar

1/4 cup water

1 tablespoon mixed pickling

spices

1 6-ounce jar maraschino cherries (with stems, if desired)

METHOD: Combine vinegar and water. Tie spices in piece of cheesecloth and put into vinegar and water. Bring to a boil and boil for 3 to 5 minutes. Drain off syrup from cherries and cover cherries with hot vinegar solution. Note: Cherry syrup may be used to

sweeten punch or as a flavoring in a jelly dessert.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

4½ cups milk

Hot Chocolate

3 squares unsweetened chocolate 1½ cups water 4½ tablespoons sugar Dash of salt

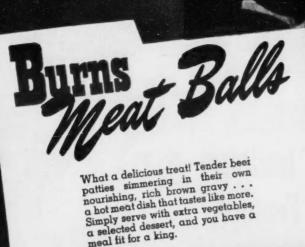
METHOD: Add chocolate to water in top of double boiler and place over low heat, stirring until chocolate is melted and blended. Add sugar and salt and boil for 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water, add milk, stirring constantly. Heat in double boiler. Just before serving beat with rotary egg beater until light and fluffy.

Yield: 6 servings. Approved by Chatelaine Institute. cool

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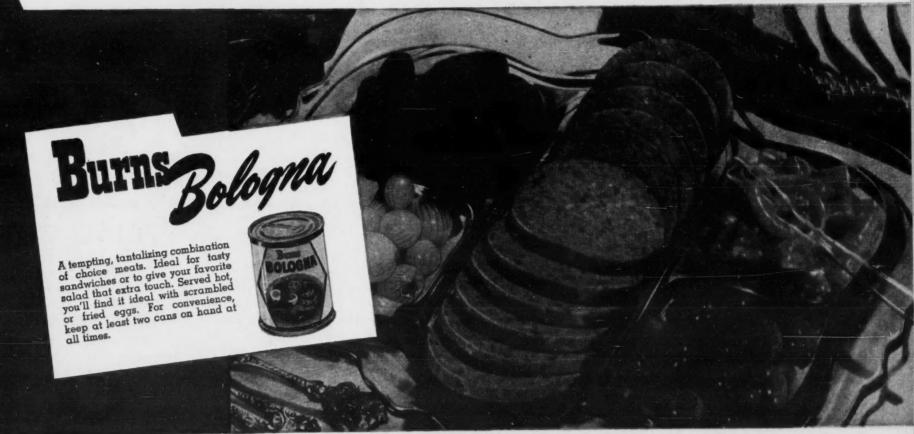
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meal fit for a king.



PRODUCTS WITH BURNS MEAT VARIETY IN EVERY MEAL



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THINK of the delicious jellies, crisp salads and tasty frozen desserts you'll make in a McClary Electric Refrigerator. And of course you'll not be satisfied with anything less than this most modern of all refrigerators.

For economy and long life the McClary freezing unit is sealed-in; it never requires attention. The all-steel seamless food compartment is porcelain enameled, stain resisting, easy to keep clean. Most modern insulation keeps cold in. Interior lights up immediately the door opens. Cold control provides lower temperatures almost at once. Shelves are strong and easily removed.

Ask your McClary dealer to show you all the convenience features of the McClary Electric Refrigerator.





Yuletide Pudding

"A less rich version of the traditional holiday dessert-cheaper, too."

1½ cups chopped apples
½ cup raisins
4 maraschino cherries
1 cup sifted bread flour
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon cinnamon

1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

½ cup soft shortening (part butter)

34 cup granulated sugar

1 egg, beaten

1 tablespoon cream

PREPARATION: Grease one large or six individual molds or custard cups. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Quarter, core and peel apples (about three medium-sized apples). Chop finely and measure. Wash and dry raisins. Slice maraschino cherries.

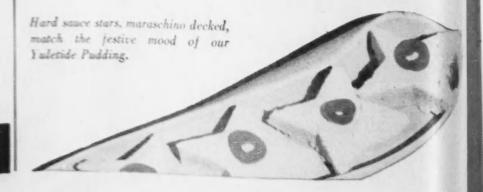
METHOD: Sift and measure flour into sifter. Add soda, salt and spices and sift together onto a piece of waxed paper. Cream shortening until fluffy, gradually add sugar, mixing until creamy. Add beaten egg and blend well. Add dry ingredients and mix until just blended. Add prepared fruit and cream, folding in lightly. Fill prepared mold or molds half full. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 30 minutes for individ-

ual molds and 40 to 45 minutes for large mold. Serve warm with Hard Sauce or any other desired sauce. Yield: Six servings. Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Hard Sauce

1/3 cup butter 1 cup brown sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla

METHOD: Cream the butter. Gradually add sugar and vanilla, blending thoroughly. Pat out, about ½ inch thick, on waxed paper over a cookie sheet. Chill well, then cut in fancy shapes. Yield: about six servings. Approved by Chatelaine Institute.





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Gradu-

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inch inch

cookie

fancy



Nourishing nightcapa tempting cup of Fry's Cocoa

Just before you go to bed — a big cup of Fry's Cocoa, made with milk, is warming, nourishing, delicious!

But for cocoa at its best, be sure to make it Fry's. Once you taste its richer chocolate flavor you'll see

why Fry's is Canada's favorite cocoa by 3 to 1.*

And Fry's fine, full flavor makes it the choice for all your chocolate dishes. Keep the famous yellow tin handy — always.

* According to a National Survey



Marie Holmes makes a Christmas Cake



Golden color and even all over, the perfect holiday cake, festive with its baked-on decoration and holly. Economical, delicious and not too rich.

Light Christmas Cake

1½ cups seedless raisins
¾ pound blanched almonds
¾ cup glace cherries
1 cup mixed fruits
2½ cups sifted bread flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

1/2 cup soft shortening 1/2 cup soft butter 1 teaspoon vanilla 1 teaspoon almond extract

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind 1 cup granulated sugar 4 eggs, well beaten

1½ tablespoons lemon juice

PREPARATION: Line 1 medium and 1 small standard Christmas cake tins with 3 layers of brown paper. Lightly grease top paper in each.

Wash and dry raisins, cut blanched almonds in quarters, slice cherries. Combine with mixed fruits (the prepared packaged kind). Preheat oven to 275 degrees F.

METHOD: Measure sifted flour. Combine ½ cup with mixed fruits so each piece of fruit will be well coated. Put remaining 2 cups flour into sifter. Add baking powder and salt. Sift together onto piece of wax paper. Cream softened shortening and add butter

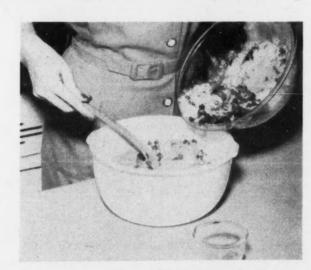
with flavorings and lemon rind. Add sugar gradually, then well-beaten eggs. Beat thoroughly.

Fold in dry ingredients and floured fruits, then add lemon juice. Mix only until fruit is well distributed. Turn batter into cake tins. Smooth out batter, garnish top with fruit and nuts. Bake at 275 degrees F. (medium cake 2 to 2½ hours; small cake 1½ to 2 hours). Allow to cool in pans. When cool, remove from pans, leave paper on cake for storing. Store in covered cake tin in a cool place until ready to use. Will keep well for 3 to 4 weeks.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



'Tis the day before Christmas-cake baking day. And Chatelaine Institute is a hive of preparation as its Director cuts fruit and nuts for a Marie Holmes' special-her own extra-simple, extra-good light fruit cake. She prepares ingredients, lines and greases cake tins the day before baking.



Two important secrets of success, she says, are to have the ingredients at room temperature. Saves time and gets better all-round results in baking. Then follow the recipe in using bread flour. That's for the batter and over the fruits too. It will hold the fruits evenly through cake.

Add

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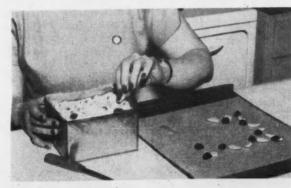
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Plan your decoration-those important cherries and almonds that give Marie Holmes' cake its real Christmas spirit; on paper first—arranging later in same pattern on the top of the batter of each cake before it goes into the oven. Put it away carefully-out of family reach, that is.

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Duchess of the Kitchen

Continued from page 11

only want you." After we all had kissed her and hugged her Pa explained: "I think something ought to be done about our domestic situation. You and I are making nice money, or that's what the income tax inspector thinks about us. We have two children and a house, but no home. We use only a small part of our house as we haven't anybody to clean it up. Our cellar boiler isn't working and the plumber can't come in during daytime to fix it as nobody is home. I wanted to leave him the keys, but he said he would feel lonely all by himself. Plumbers are the social type. They want to be admired while they work. Nobody cooks a real dinner on our kitchen stove. We go to restaurants for Sunday dinner. The four of us are a family of bachelors."

"Do you want me to give up my job?"
Ma asked, her lips quivering. "My boss is away and he left everything to me. I can't let him down and I love my job. But my family is my first responsibility I know."

"I'll take over," brother Eddy offered. He had just started school and didn't like it. "I'll clean up and learn to cook if only I don't have to see my teacher. I don't like her."

teacher. I don't like her."
"Case dismissed," Pa decided. "You'll
go to school if I have to eat scrambled
eggs all my life. We need an experienced
person to take care of us. A housekeeper,
a cook general or maybe a couple."

"You're pipe-dreaming," Ma sighed.
"You know very well that you can't get domestic help these days. You may win the Irish sweepstakes, but you won't find a housekeeper. No, no, everything is wrong. Now I remember though, that somebody told me about a jewel of a cook. I don't know whether I can persuade her to come to us, but if I do, will you promise me to treat her like the apple of your eye?"

We all promised gravely.

"Maybe she can even make fried chicken and Mexican dishes?" Pa dreamed.

"Peach pie and cakes." That was Eddy.

"We'll have to take what we get," Ma

SOME DAYS LATER all our pipe dreams came true, when Ma piloted the Spanish duchess into our kitchen. "That's Senorita Lolita Elvira y Ostenso de la Fuente," she introduced her. Lolita's name was much longer than that, but Ma couldn't keep it in her mind. Nor could anybody else.

Ma explained to us afterward: "A customer told me about her, and I offered to turn her house into a chateau if I only could have the girl. Lolita's people came from Spain after a revolution or trying to make a revolution, I don't know. Lolita was born on this continent and speaks only English, but her ways are still a little Spanish, as I was informed. You know the Spaniards are very well mannered, do you hear me, Eddy? We'll have to live up to Lolita. Her grandfather was a duke or something like that."

"I don't mind a duchess in my kitchen as long as she can cook spiced dishes," Pa said broad-mindedly.

Lolita was a lovely young girl with very dark eyes and hair. Her complexion was ivory. She was polite and kind, but she had a certain dignity and very much pride. She had had many chances, but she had consulted her cards to find out what she was to do, and the cards had said she must be sure to take a job in a house where the boss was dark and tall and there was a little blond boy. Ma and I had not been in Lolita's cards. She believed strongly in cards, but didn't think much of teacup reading. It was in her Spanish blood. They don't drink tea in Spain.

"She wouldn't have come if she hadn't seen me in her cards," Eddy boasted He wanted us to be thankful to him for everything Lolita did for our stomachs. That girl really could cook. Her chili con carne put your heart and your stomach on fire until you wanted to call the fire brigade to put out the flames in your inside. Her food was a little painful but delicious. She kept the house clean and she had a certain attraction for delivery boys and repair-She would never shock the men. plumber with the news that we had a flood in our house. Whether the water was reaching our knees or our necks she would stick to Spanish etiquette and ask him on the phone: "How is your health? Isn't it a lovely day? I thought of you when I saw your dog fighting on the street? What's his name? I always forget it. I would have stopped the fight if I only had known his name. You call him 'Murder'? What a lovely name, very cute indeed. I've seen Murder fighting three big dogs on the street. He was really brave. What do you say? Murder lost an ear in this fight. I'm so sorry—" That ran on for quite a while because it's bad manners in Spain to talk business right away. It's not done in the Argentine either or wherever people have Spanish blood in their veins. But that long introduction impressed the plumber so much that he came over right away although he didn't like emergency calls. And when she informed the grocer that she was in need of a tiny wee bit of chive to give a dish the right flavor, he would send his boy in a jiffy or deliver the chive himself.

Lolita informed us that she despised lies but as life would be too difficult without them you were allowed to stretch the truth a little. Lies hurt the Spanish pride but you could always make use of your imagination. When Ma had a little headache and didn't want to talk to somebody on the phone Lolita said: "I don't know whether I should call her. It's only a headache, but sometimes a plague starts that

way, I know."

We were so happy to have her we became afraid of losing her. We suspected that everybody wanted to snatch her for himself.

"I wouldn't wonder if she left us," Ma worried. "She has no fun in our lonely house. What a life for a beautiful girl."

"She doesn't miss anything," Eddy said. "I play Chinese checkers with her to entertain her and I even let her win sometimes."

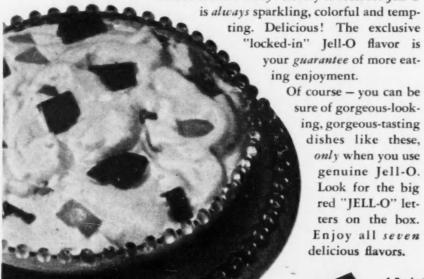
"That's nice of you, Eddy, but you see Lolita is so much older than you and she should have some young men around. She encouraged the iceman and she cooled down the coaldriver. She doesn't like them. But suddenly she'll find her life too monotonous. I know that Mrs. Harding wants her badly and Mrs.

Continued on page 61



Look What's New with JELL-01

Three wonderful dishes to be made easily . . . quickly . . . and so economically! Lovely to look at! Jell-O

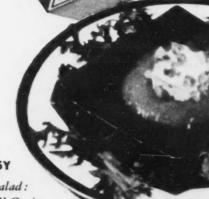


Of course - you can be sure of gorgeous-looking, gorgeous-tasting dishes like these, only when you use genuine Jell-O. Look for the big red "JELL-O" letters on the box. Enjoy all seven delicious flavors.

PARTY FAVORITE WITH EVERYDAY THRIFT

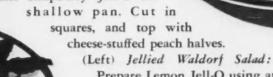
(Above) Make up 1 package Strawberry, Raspberry or Cherry Jell-O, using half water and half fruit juice. Chill 1 cupful in 8 x 4 inch pan; cut in cubes. Chill remainder until slightly thickened; set in pan of ice water and whip, adding 2/3 cup drained diced fruit. Alternate whipped and cubed Jell-O in serving dish. For a large bowl, double quantities.





REFRESHING . . . DELICIOUS . . . EASY

(Right above) "Peach Melba" Salad: Chill Raspberry Jell-O in



Prepare Lemon Jell-O using apple juice as part liquid. When slightly thickened, add diced apple and celery, and chopped nuts. Serve either salad with whipped cream, or a sweet salad dressing.

What's found only in gell-0? That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!

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They're in *Every* Group

...and they agree about coffee

Take Michael . . . good-natured and generous-beloved in his community - wise in ways of good living. Why is Maxwell House your favourite, Mike?



That's Maxwell House, Mike. It's extra rich because it contains choice Latin-American coffees - the best obtainable.

> ...And its Flavor beats any other I've tried







GLASSINE-LINED All Purpose Grind

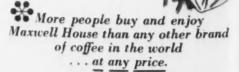


Instant MAXWELL HOUSE Made instantly in the cup

That's because Maxwell House is skilfully blended by experts to give you unusually delicious coffee flavor.

...There's real Body in Maxwell House, too. It satisfies!

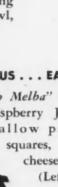
Yes - Radiant Roasting does the trick, Mike. It develops fully all the extra goodness in the Maxwell House blend.



MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Good to the Last Drop!"

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS





J-438M

Continued from page 58
Harding's house is downtown with all the shows around."

"What can we do about it?" Pa asked, frightened about the idea that we could lose Lolita to Mrs. Harding.

"We ought to give her some fun. She has to go to a dance and have dates. We can't lock her up."

She discussed this idea with Lolita but our Duchess pointed out that a girl has to have an escort to go places. Well, all the delivery and repairmen had tried to get a date, but they were not her kind. Lolita apparently was dreaming about a Spanish Grandee.

AT LAST SHE went to a dance with the milkman, who was crazy about her. But she refused to ride in his cart and she didn't want his old horse waiting in front of the dance hall. So Pa drove her and the milkman downtown. "He and his car didn't look too impressive either, but they were better than a milk wagon and a tired mare," Ma said.

Lolita was thankful to Pa and cooked his pet dishes afterward. She was not thankful to the loving milkman. The poor fellow made no progress with her and didn't even get a good-night kiss. She was a Duchess. Even a milkman can get mad. He gave her up and the plumber took over. Now he drove her to the dance and Pa lost his job as a driver because the plumber had a much better car. Ma didn't like that change of escorts as the plumber was a friend of Mrs. Borner who was looking for a housekeeper. "He only takes her out to win her for Mrs. Borner," Ma suspected.

But the unhappy plumber was anointed by destiny for other purposes: He had to escort Lolita to a dance where she met the man of her life. It was very mean of destiny to use a first-class plumber for that purpose.

Lolita was completely changed when she came home from this dance: she had met a fellow countryman. He came from Argentina but his family hailed from Spain. He was sailing on a merchant vessel and only on short leave. He had watched her silently for a long time, his arms crossed over his chest, looking very stern and dignified. Then he had simply taken her out of the plumber's arms and danced with her. Lolita had been stupified, but not too much, because she had asked her cards the other evening and they had said that she was going to meet a tall, dark, handsome man and some trouble to boot. The cards had prepared her for things to happen, but still it was a pleasant surprise to find a man with the same background. He spoke the best English and other languages too. He was a superman.

"What's his rank?" Eddy asked.
Lolita didn't know, but she was sure
he would be an admiral soon. His name
was Pedro and he would phone, but
we shouldn't say that she was the housekeeper here.

Her champagne mood changed suddenly to gloominess. She would sit in the kitchen, crying her heart out while the toast was burning like in bad old times when we had no Lolita. We heard her dark secret: Pedro was so wonderful, he had thought her a secretary or a manageress and she simply couldn't disappoint him and tell him about her job. She hadn't lied to him, she never would. But she hadn't corrected him when he guessed her profession.

"You're like a daughter in our house," Ma comforted her, "and we're ready to accept him as a son. Jobs don't make people. We're in a free country."

"It would be nice to have an admiral for a son," Pa said,

Lolita promised to tell Pedro the truth, but she had no chance to unburden her heart. He was called away as his boat was sailing. Lolita was very much distressed—in an aristocratic way. And it was no blow out of a blue sky to her as the cards had predicted

way. And it was no blow out of a blue sky to her as the cards had predicted trouble. She cried silently, big tears running down her ivory cheeks. The refrigerator repairman thought it the right time to defrost her and asked for a date. Even the plumber was ready to mend his broken heart and to forgive her. Lolita refused both of them.

"Pedro will write soon," Ma promised her, and Lolita got almost hysterical: "I don't want it. I want to forget him. He isn't made for me. I won't get married. I'll stay with you all my life."

"Okay with me," said Pa.
She behaved even more strangely when Pedro's first letter arrived. Eddy took it from the postman and gave it to her: "I want the stamps and a piece of pie," he said. Lolita held the letter like a precious piece of china. She didn't

"Get out of the kitchen," Ma ordered us. "Lolita can't read her letter when you're here."

Surprisingly Lolita was on our side. "The kids can stay here," she decided. "Because I can't read the letter anyway. I simply can't read. I can read a little print but no handwriting. I can never marry an educated man like Pedro." The big silent tears ran down again.

Now we knew Lolita's dark secret. She was a strange mixture indeed, behaving like a queen but not able to read a letter.

"Shall I read the letter to you?" Ma asked gently, trying to hide her embarrassment. "You are the better cook and I'm the better reader it seems. We have to assist one another."

"Thank you very much, ma'am," Lolita said with her usual politeness. "I don't know whether Pedro would like you to read his letter. He addressed his letter to me and not to you, or didn't he?" She showed me the envelope and there was Lolita's long name on it.

Ma was not insulted: "But somebody has to read the letter," she said. "We don't want to know your secrets, but all of us would be glad to assist you."

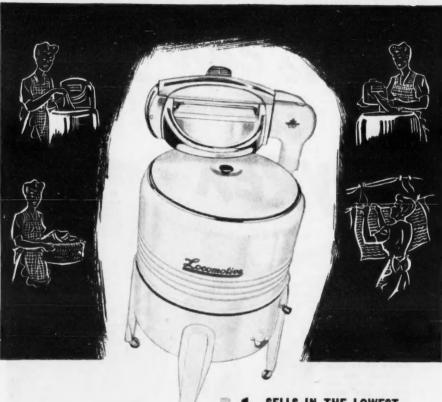
Lolita considered the matter carefully. At last she pointed at me: "I think Helen would be the best to read the letter. She's only a kid of 11 and not too bright. She won't understand it and I won't be ashamed of her."

"It's up to you," Ma said, leaving the kitchen with Eddy. I knew they were very jealous as only I was allowed to read the letter. Lolita's opinion about me had not been too flattering, but I didn't worry about it. I was in love with Pedro myself. I had heard so much about Pedro, he was my hero as well as Lolita's

WHEN WE WERE alone she gave me the opened letter, but she put both her thumbs into my ears while I had to read it aloud. "You mustn't hear what Pedro is writing to me. You're much too young," she said bashfully.

It was a very lovely letter, the language English and the style Spanish.





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Lolita cried and laughed when she heard it, but in the end she was distressed. She didn't mind Ma reading the letter later on, but she complained: "Now you know what a professor Pedro is. Could anybody write a better letter? What am I going to do about it? He expects my answer, he says. He hopes I'll write to him every day. He thinks me a secretary—a highbrow—and I couldn't get a letter together if I worked on it for a year. He's wonderful and I'm a liar, a cheat."

Ma opened some tins for dinner because nobody could expect Lolita to cook a meal distressed as she was. Feeling unhappy was a full-time job for her. Afterward we had a family meeting to discuss the problem while Lolita was still crying silently.

"We can't let her down," Ma decided,
"as she can't write her love letters
herself, we'll have to do it for
her." She looked at Pa, who represented
literature and science in our family.

"I wouldn't know what to write to him. I never wrote love letters to a sailor," Pa protested, disappearing behind his daily paper.

"But you want to eat fried chicken and chili con carne," Ma said bitterly. "You want to eat well without taking any trouble for it."

"As far as I know we're paying her a decent salary," Pa mumbled.

"That's not the point. An unhappy cook is worse than no cook at all. She wants Pedro's letters and she won't get them if she doesn't answer. We have to keep her happy."

"I'll write letters if I can stay away from school," Eddy suggested. "My handwriting is very good. Even the teacher admits it though she hates me. You know what she did to me today?"

"We don't want to know," said Pa.
"Your teacher is all right. I don't like
your complaining and beefing about
school."

"I could contribute some ideas for the letters." I tried to be helpful. "And cousin Ann could help. She writes love letters to all the movie stars. She's an expert in love letters."

"I hope we can manage without her," Ma said. "Unfortunately I'm not trained in this trade. Pa snatched me before I had a chance to try my talent writing love letters. We only phoned and wired."

"As it is an emergency, we all should try hard and work together," Pa said sternly.

It turned out to be hard work indeed, especially as Lolita was a very tough boss. At first she didn't like the idea at all. She was no liar and cheat she protested. But when we told her how Pedro was pacing around on his boat restless and unhappy waiting for his answer, she graciously allowed us to compose a letter. She was not satisfied at all when we showed her the draft,

"That's no good," she said, and her meals were not so good either.

"It's a wonderful letter," Pa said, hurt, as he had contributed some paragraphs. "I never got such a fine letter myself."

"But you're no Pedro, sir," Lolita answered. "He deserves the best. All girls fall for him."

Fortunately Pedro was not critical and liked our letters. I put them down in writing and signed them with Lolita's name. His content meant a permanent job for our family. We had to compose

at least two love letters a week. We had to be affectionate but reserved at the same time. We had to say that we were very lonely without Pedro, but we mentioned that the plumber and the milkman were still after us. Pedro shouldn't worry. We didn't want them.

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We got trained in the job but we ran out of ideas. Lolita herself didn't contribute much. Whenever I asked her what to write she would say: "Tell him that I'm praying for him, wishing that he won't meet a storm or a girl he likes better than me. But don't make it too clear that I love him. No man should be sure that he is loved."

I had the hardest job, but I put on weight, for Lolita bribed me with pies and cakes. People thought us a very demonstrative and crazy family. Ma would call Pa "my lover" at a bridge party and when people looked surprised she would blush: "I didn't really mean him. I was thinking of a sailor far away." Even Eddy called his teacher "honey" once, thinking of pet names. We even searched the library for inspirations.

Lolita, getting more and more difficult about her letters, said: "I think I could do a much better job myself if only I could write."

That meant a new job to all four of us. We became Lolita's teachers and she was the most ambitious pupil. Pa said: "If she carries on like that she'll soon take over my office and I'll have to cook."

Reading seemed easier to her than writing and soon she read Pedro's letters herself. This progress made my private secretary job harder.

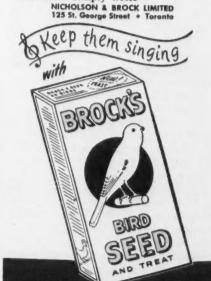


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So little care is required too. The

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'Now answer Pedro's letter, please. He's waiting," she would order.

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"Don't be so nosy. I won't tell you, but you've got to answer," she said.

I complained bitterly about this impediment, but Ma agreed with Lolita that Pedro's letters, growing more infatuated and crowded with Spanish emotion, were not fit for me. Pedro would come home soon now and I would get rid of the job anyway. He didn't give the exact date of his arrival, but Lolita was reading feverishly all the books in the library to complete her education in time.

ONE SPRING DAY Eddy was playing baseball in the street with some friends. It was a very interesting game and Eddy didn't notice at first the sailor who was walking down the street. The sailor looked uneasy and walked like a child who has lost his way and doesn't dare to ask for help. He passed our house, giving it a shy glance and walked on again. He turned at the corner and came back.

"He must be nuts," one of Eddy's pals guessed. "He's probably seasick. That's a seamen's disease. They can't walk when the ground isn't rocking under them. Let's be helpful and rock him a little."

Eddy looked the sailor over and recognized him although he wasn't at all what Lolita had said he was. He was no Spanish dream prince, and he didn't look too bright when a little boy suddenly jumped up on him trying to hug

him and yelling in delight: "Pedro, here

you are!" Eddy, still holding onto

him, introduced him to his friends: 'That's Pedro. He has traveled all over What did he write?" I asked. the world and seen everything. He's going to be an admiral soon."

"How do you know me?" the sailor blushed.

Eddy remembered he was not allowed to mention the letters. They were the skeleton in our family closet. circumnavigated the question: "Couldn't you find our house, Pedro? Here it is. Come in. So long, fellows, I can't play any more. I'm busy."

"I didn't intend to pay a call," said Pedro perspiring although the day was rather chilly, "I just happened to pass the street and I remembered that a girl I used to know is living here. I'm in a hurry and can't come in. You'd better not tell Lolita that we met. Maybe I'll see her another day. So long, sonny.

"You don't want to see us all?" Eddy asked stupified by human ungratefulness. But he too had his pride: "Poohhh. you needn't come in if you don't like us. Run along and see other friends. I don't mind. I won't tell Lolita, for she's only a girl and she might be sorry that you have no time for us. She's a mighty fine girl and I don't want her to be sorry."

"How is Lolita?" the sailor asked casually.

"She's fine," Eddy reported. "We all are fine only Pa has a little cold."

"Is she a relative of yours?" Pedro asked without paying attention to Pa's little cold.

"I don't know for sure, but Ma always says she's like a daughter in the house and we couldn't do without

The sailor took a deep breath, looked at the house again and turned on his heel: "I'd better be going now. I'll drop in another day. I'll think it over."

My brother Eddy was never good in school, but he was always excellent in emergencies. Suddenly he decided to kidnap the huge sailor. He pushed and dragged him into the house shouting at the top of his voice: "Lolita, I have Pedro here with me.'

Lolita looked through the kitchen window and would have loved to faint in the good old Spanish way. She had no time to do it as she had to get rid of the dough she had in her hands and to pull off her apron in a jiffy. She looked a perfect duchess when she greeted Pedro.

Ma made Pedro welcome and explained that Lolita had been kind enough to help her with her housework. She pushed the couple into the living room and Eddy was annoyed because he was not allowed to stay with them. "I brought him in," he protested. "He wouldn't be here without me as he didn't want to come. I guess he doesn't give a hoot for Lolita. He only came in for my sake.'

"But he's a fellow countryman of hers," Ma comforted him. "Pedro is cute, I think, though he doesn't look like his letters. I hope they'll be happy."

"I want them to be very happy to-morrow," Pa said. "But I'd prefer if she finished dinner now. I'm hungry."

"I'll fix something," Ma promised. "Leave Lolita alone. She can't enter the kitchen while he is here. She will tell him later on but not right away."

"That means scrambled eggs for dinner," Pa moaned,

I went with Ma and, on our way to the kitchen, we glanced through the





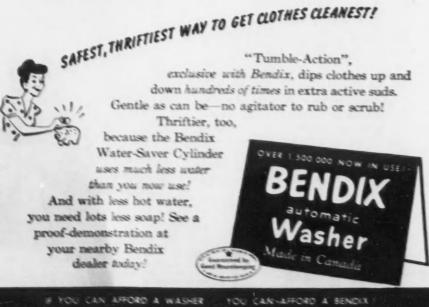
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glass door of the living room. Lolita was sitting in one corner and Pedro in another. They didn't look too happy.

"Maybe he got suspicious," Ma reflected, and decided to save the situation: "I'll fix a little snack," she called happily. "You'll stay with us, Pedro, won't you?"

Lolita rose from her easy chair anxious

to escape to her fortress—the kitchen. "Don't trouble," Ma smiled. "You're working hard in your office, I know. Does Pedro know that you're holding an executive's job and how good you are in it?"

Lolita sat down again with a pained expression. Pedro seemed somehow shipwrecked too.

Dinner was no roaring success although Eddy had cut the fresh flowers with the bread knife as no other knife was as good for this special purpose. Lolita looked at the eggs in dismay. Pa loathed them, she knew, and served as a welcome dinner for a weary seaman they were almost an insult. However, we had lovely flowers on the table and Ma delivered the best conversation possible. She asked Lolita clever questions and Lolita was simply forced to give witty answers. Ma transferred her own charm on her. You could see what a woman can do for another woman if she wants to catch a man for her.

Pedro didn't eat or say much. Only when Eddy popped in with a childish remark he would laugh and answer. They understood one another. Eddy had been right: he was more his friend than Lolita's.

"Now let's all go to a restaurant and have a good dinner. It's my party," said Pa when we had finished the meal. Ma, overhearing the insult, smiled: "The gentlemen will have to excuse us girls for a while." She felt Lolita needed a rest and some advice.

Pedro got to his feet and held the door for us. He had charming manners too. Some people are born with them. Lolita looked around in her beloved kitchen wondering at the mess we had made of it in so short a time and with so little result in food. Silently she started cleaning up.

"You caught him," Ma encouraged her. "He stared at you during the meal."

"What meal?" asked Lolita.

"Pedro didn't notice that there was so little to eat. He just looked at you and was thrilled by your conversation.'

Suddenly Lolita started crying. "No, no, no," she said. "You're all very kind to me, but I don't want it. Thank you very much, ma'am. I'm no liar. won't cheat him. He isn't my kind. He's much too good for me."

Ma almost lost her temper: "Please forget your Spanish ancestors for once and remember that you've been born on this continent. No modern girl thinks a man too good for her. We all feel that a man has to be happy and thankful to get us."

That woke up Lolita's new-world feelines

"Who said that he's too good for me?" she asked planting herself against the "If he thinks it, I'll give him a piece of my mind. I'm all right and my great-great-grandfather was a duke. And I gave the plumber the sack and didn't kiss a boy because I was thinking of him. I'll tell him the truth about myself and if he doesn't like it he can

Continued on page 88



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The Dream Goes Round

Continued from page 23

to the lovely, regular profile beside him. "Just what do you want out of life? Did you ever stop to figure it out?"

That was no small talk and she knew She gave him a faint flick of her eyelashes, but she spoke readily, as though the answer were right on the top shelf of her mind.

"Why-that's simple. I want to be the best woman tennis player in the country, and win the national championship, and then I want to marry, and build out on West Drive, and have enough money and two children, a boy and a girl. And after they're past the nursery stage, I want to do something civic and worth while. Politically, in a small way."

He looked at her, fascinated. It was like putting a nickel in the slot. "Do you have any doubt of accomplishing

any of that?'

"Not really. Any more than I would doubt that I could reach Mexico if I set out in a good car with gas and oil and money and maps. You see, I don't want anything I'm not reasonably

equipped to have. That's the secret."

"What about your husband? Have you got everything laid out on the line for him, too?"

She frowned, threading skilfully through traffic. "He'll have some ideas of his own, I should imagine. But they won't be too different from mine, or we would not be married. Naturally.'

"You're wonderful," he said sincerely. "You're like a cool drink at the end of a long hard day."

"Now what do you mean by that?"

"Relaxing and stimulating at the same time. You practically nourish

She smiled and eased into the station parking lot. "You're quite a boy, Mr. Hadley. I'd love to go into this a little further, but I'm afraid this is a taxi stand and I can't park."

AND THEN he was out and his bag was beside him, and all there was left of her was a neat, smart gloved hand waving good-by.

He walked into the station, bought a newspaper, and found he had 15 minutes to wait. He had his ticket, but he might as well get a chair in the Pullman; the expense account would look pretty threadbare, what with dinner and overnight with the Parnells.

Once, when they were discussing the kind of house they would build some day, Millie had said solemnly, "I hope we never have enough money, Johnnie. I don't know what I want, but I do know I never want enough money. It would be as dull as playing a game with no rules."

That was typical of Millie! That was why she was bad for him. He hadn't known then what he wanted either, but now he knew. What any normal man wanted-success, security, and well-a good marriage and a couple of kids, preferably a boy and a girl . .

Suddenly it occurred to him that he was a darn fool to get on a train, and put 300 miles between him and a gorgeous, intelligent girl like Eleanor Parnell, without even making a gesture toward her. She had liked him, as well as her parents; would they have asked him for dinner and the night, if they hadn't?

It wasn't quite as though he had come as a stranger; he was the bright young man of Wells and Amboy. Mr. Wells and Mr. Parnell had been friends for years before they had some kind of a disagreement, and Mr. Parnell had taken his business elsewhere. John's job had been to win him back, and he'd done it, all right. He'd done it. Right there in that brief case he had an order that was going to put tears in Mr. Wells'

Eleanor had been the unexpected dividend, the bonus for work well done. Mr. Parnell had left his office early yesterday to prepare for a trip, and when

Carol for Homeless

Children

By Blanche Pownall Garrett

You were sheltered safe and warm.

There was thatch above Your head,

Swaddling clothes, and manger bed,

More than infant hands could hold.

God's own Son, on this, Thy night,

Grant these small waifs warmth and

Shelter from the sleet and rain,

Guide the Wise Men by Thy star,

That, bearing gifts, they come from

Not myrrh and frankincense, but

Touch of loving hands again.

To offer at Thy lowly bed,

light,

bread.

Costly gifts of myrrh and gold-

Little Jesus, when You lay

New-born in the fragrant hay

Curved in lovely Mary's arm,

John phoned, he was asked to come out to the house. They had talked business until dinner was announced, and it had seemed natural enough to ask him to stay. Later, it was Mr. Parnell himself who had telephoned the hotel and canceled John's reservation. No wonder John felt pretty good about the whole thing.

Then this morning Mr. and Mrs. Parnell had left on an early train for the West, and John and Eleanor had breakfasted cozily together. And it turned out that she had errands in town and with no trouble at all could drive him to the station.

What had he been thinking of to muff a setup like that?

Well, there was still time. He threw down his unread paper, strode over to the checking desk and left his bag. He walked out into the sunlit streets of the city. She had said she had errands, but he had heard her tell the maid she wouldn't be gone long. And for the second time in less than 24 hours, he called a cab and gave the address of the Parnells' house.

When the maid let him in, he didn't think it necessary to explain his reappearance, and she didn't seem curious. She returned to rattling dishes in the kitchen, and John moved restlessly around the living room.

There were three photographs of Eleanor in linked frames on the piano. As a little girl with neat braids and a composed smile, as a schoolgirl bent studiously over a book, and as she was today. She had changed remarkably

Once Aunt Floss had shown him some

witmas LUSHUS PLUM PUDDING Prepare Orange Lushus using two cups of water. When Lushus commences to set add: 1 c raisins 1 c chopped nuts 1/2 e maraschino or candied cherries (red or green-chopped) 1/2 c cooked peaches (diced) 1/4 c cut candied peel 1 tsp Shirriff's cinnamon extract Place in large or individual moulds. Decorate with cherries and serve on ruffle of whipped cream tinted green. Top with a holly spray.

Makes 10 to 12 servings.

You'll see eyes open wide and grins spread across faces —you'll hear compliments from all your guests—when you serve Lushus Plum Pudding. It's alive with shimmering holiday color-packed with fruit and flavour. It's a chef's creation that's yours for a few minutes' preparation. It's the very spirit of Christmas.

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BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

Best recipe wins \$100.00 A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: It's amazing how, year after year, December manages to arrive 'way ahead of when I think it should. But, in spite of the rush, the hustle and bustle, it's a wonderful month! The lawns all blanketed in crusty white; the crowded stores transformed with gay, festive decorations; mysterious bundles and boxes hidden in nooks and crannies all over the house; rosy-cheeked, excited children writing letters to "Santa"; an ever-open door to welcome friends—yes, it's all a part of our cherished, heart-warming Canadian Christmas Season-and I know of none better.

What activity, what aromas, in our test kitchen as your recipes for September's Domestic Shortening contest were tested! Such a host of mouth-watering goodies as I never did see (or taste!) And the result? We play "Santa" to not ONE but TWO first prize winners! Try this dream-stuff cake and the cookies—I'm sure you'll agree our judges were right in making an exception this month, to award two first prizes instead of one. So, first, a very Merry Christmas to:

> MRS. D. S. CUMMINGS, 249 Melbourne Avenue, East Kildonan, Manitoba for her delightful

> > **CLOUD-LIGHT DOMESTICAKE**

3/8 cup Domestic Shortening cup white sugar 1 egg yolk, well beaten 14 cup oran;
34 teaspoon grated orange rind 15 cup wate
15 cups sifted cake flour 14 cup moist
2 egg whites, beaten until stiff

2¼ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup orange juice
¾ cup water
¼ cup moist, shredded coconut

2 egg whites, beaten until still
Cream the Domestic until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in the sugar, then
the well-beaten egg yolk and grated orange rind. Sift the flour, baking powder
and salt together, three times. Combine the orange juice and water. Add the
sifted dry ingredients to the creamed mixture, alternately with the orange
juice and water, stirring after each addition. Fold in the coconut and beaten
egg whites, Pour into a 9" x 9" cake pan, lightly greased and lined with wax
paper. Bake at 350°F. for 35 minutes. Turn out onto a wire rack to cool.
Frost the top and sides with the following Orange Frosting, decorating with
shredded coconut and well-drained orange sections.

I teaspoon corn syrup % cup white sugar 1 egg white

3 tablespoons orange juice 1/4 teaspoon orange rind 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice

Place all the ingredients, except the lemon juice, in the top of the double-boiler. Place over, hot water and beat constantly until the frosting is stiff (5-7 minutes). Remove from heat and fold in lemon juice.

This really super cake can be doubled in quantity for a special occasion where a large layer cake is needed. An orange filling is perfect between the two layers and the same frosting and decoration used.

And all best wishes to our other \$100.00 prize winner-

MISS LILLIAN J. SCOTT, Box 292, Almonte, Ontario, for these perfectly delicious DOMESTIC DATE DREAMS

1/2 cup Domestic Shortening teaspoon vanilla cup white sugar

1½ cups sifted flour 1 teaspoon baking powder 1 cup pitted dates, cut lengthwise 2 egg whites 1 cup brown sugar

Method: Cream the Domestic until light and fluffy. Add the vanilla and gradually beat in the white sugar. Beat the egg yolks until thick. Add to the shortening mixture. Sift the flour and baking powder together three times. Combine dry ingredients with the first mixture and spread in a well-greased, 9" x 9" cake pan. Cover with the dates. Beat the egg whites until very stiff and fold in the brown sugar. Spread lightly over the dates. Bake at 375°F, for 40 minutes. Cut in fingers (1" x 2") while warm. Yield: 3 dozen.

THIS MONTH THERE'S TO BE ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best "second day" dish using

MAPLE LEAF "TENDERSWEET" HAM Delectable TENDERSWEET Ham the first day is always a tremendous success. Second day dishes can be really wonderful too—so give your imagination full play and tell me how you bring tasty Tendersweet Ham back for a rousing encore. Write to me, won't you—if your recipe is chosen as "best", I'll send you a cheque for \$100.00!

consolation prizes, too! Everyone who writes a recipe will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for a two-pie size tin or carton of Maple Leaf Mincemeat.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the first prize, but we promise only ONE voucher to each person who writes. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for first prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the \$100.00 First Prize, as well as a free voucher, your letter must be postmarked on, or before, midnight, December 31st, 1948. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my March Magazine Column. Don't miss it- you might be the

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK, "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited, 2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

And now, from me to you -wherever you may be -a very, very Happy Christmas -may you have peace in your heart and plenty in the year to come.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, Thense York

old snapshots of Millie. Millie on the floor between two puppies, all three mugging into the camera. Millie, at 10, with a pointed little chin and big eyes, and a tangle of dark hair, like a gypsy child. Millie in a tree, with one trouser leg hanging down.

John lit another eigarette and crushed it out. He had heard the car drive in-it now glided smoothly past the living room windows. When Eleanor came in, he met her in the dim mahogany-rich hall. What he had to say, he said without preamble.

"Eleanor, remember what you said this morning, that anyone could get what he wanted if only he knew what it was, and was reasonably equipped to get it? Well, I've licked the first round-at least I know what I want."

The questioning look faded out of her face. She set her handbag and a package on the hall table. "Apparently what you want has little to do with a time schedule. I thought you had to make a train." Her voice was both amiable and mocking.

And she was smiling. She wasn't sorry that he had come back. She was gratified. As he bent toward her her hand went back, as if for support, to the newel post. But her face didn't change. Even as he kissed her and felt the frank response of her lips, he knew she was still smiling underneath; that nothing would ever change her.

The thing was, that he had to have it out with Millie. In spite of the quarrel, Millie was unfinished business. That was why he sent her the telegram asking her to meet him at the station. Of course she'd drive down in her battered old car, although any normal person would make the 50-minute trip by train. She'd drive straight to the station, and she'd find a place to park,

Aunt Floss, who had undoubtedly been just like Millie 30 years ago, explained it to him once. "Oh, I'm sure you're right, Johnnie, it is impossible to park in town, but you see Millie doesn't know that, so she always finds a place without any trouble." This was the kind of cockeyed logic both women lived by.

So then he'd take the wheel away from her, and announce that they were going to a really decent place for dinner. But she'd explain that Aunt Floss had dinner all waiting for them at home, and in the end they'd go there.

And after dinner Aunt Floss would disappear as usual, and he and Millie would be alone. But nothing would really be as usual, because then he would tell her about Eleanor.

"I'd rather tell you this myself than have you wonder," he'd say frankly. "When two people have meant as much to each other as we have, it's only natural that they should retain an interest. I hope you'll feel just as free to come to me-

Doubt stabbed him sharply like a needle. Suppose she didn't meet him at the station! Suppose she simply

ignored his summons. A lot could happen in two weeks, another man, for instance. Some irresponsible, easy going smooth talker, who would string-along with all her romantic ideas and then let her down with a thump.

John stirred uneasily. He stared out the train window at the fine green mist of spring that lay over the speeding country. Whoever he was, he'd like to push the guy's silly complacent face in!

MILLIE HAD ON a new suit, a soft dark stuff with a tight short jacket and a full swingy skirt. There was no doubt about it, his mind registered morosely, she was cute. She had bought the suit just two hours ago, she told him at once, and wouldn't even leave it at the store for alteration, because she wanted to wear it for him.

"I wanted you to have a new feeling about me," she said eagerly. "Do you, Johnnie? Do I seem new to you?"

"No," he said perversely, but she only laughed and hurried him out of the station to where she had left the car. Inside, she handed over the keys, and while he backed out, launched into a description of her difficulties with the new suit.

"The jacket buttons needed setting over, and the skirtband had to be adjusted. So I bought needles and thread and a package of razor blades in the five and ten, and called at that hotel-you know, where Aunt Floss always stays?"

"I know," he said grimly, heading out toward the highway.

"I said I'd like to rent a room for an hour or so, to do a little repair job that required privacy and a full-length mirror, and they said all their rooms were occupied. Then that nice desk clerk, the blond one, saw how disappointed I was, so he said I was welcome to the Meeting Room, if it would be of any use to me. No charge-just as a favor to Aunt Floss.'

"What's a Meeting Room?"

"Well, I didn't know either, but it turned out to be perfectly enormous, with heavy drapes and chandeliers and display racks, and a table as big as a skating rink, and hundreds of folding chairs. You know-for businessmen and conventions. Luckily it was unoccupied; a convention had just broken up, and all the men were streaming out into the lobby. Of course, I jumped at it."

He looked around at her, scowling. "You jumped at what?"

"The Meeting Room. To set over the buttons on my suit. It was pretty messy, naturally. They hadn't had time to clean it up, and there were cigarette ashes and empty glasses around. And I couldn't lock the door, and the only mirror was high up, so I had to stand on the table to get the buttons right. But it wasn't too bad-I got the job done anyway."

If he hadn't been so exasperated, he might have laughed. The picture of Millie standing in her slip, in the middle of that big disordered table, adjusting



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buttons, was probably full of charm. But he wasn't amused.

"Suppose one of them came back—the convention fellows? Forgot his umbrella, or something?"

"I would have explained. It was a perfectly understandable situation."

He sighed. This, thank heaven, was the kind of thing he was going to leave behind him. He was going to live in a reasonable, sane world, where girls repaired their clothes in the privacy of their own bedrooms.

Millie brushed her dark head against his sleeve. "It was too far to go home, and I wanted to look nice for you, darling. I wouldn't wear anything that might remind you of that dreadful evening two weeks ago. I wanted to be new all over."

He didn't answer. He lowered his head and butted into the evening traffic like a bull into a red scarf. He'd have to tell her pretty soon—in fact, almost any time now.

THE HOUSE where Millie lived with her Aunt Floss was on a dirt road at the foot of a hill. There was an old well on the front lawn with a weeping willow over it, and a rambling wall of fieldstone, overgrown with sumac. The porch sagged, and the doorjambs were an inch too low for John's height, and had given him several mean cracks on the head. Across the road there was a swamp, musical with tree toads and lush with growth. In rainy spells, water seeped into the cellar of the house, and the road in front became almost impassable.

You would never guess that people living here, could, within an hour, be breathing the fumes of city traffic. Yet Millie went into the city three times a week, where she gave violin lessons to little boys and girls in a music studio.

Once a month Aunt Floss spent the week end in town, where she studied the store windows and rode in buses. She used to get herself lost regularly, but now she carried a compass in her purse (John's gift) and consulted it frequently.

She stood in the doorway as they drove in under the willow tree, a small, spare, eager figure, with a white upswept hair-do, and a large appon.

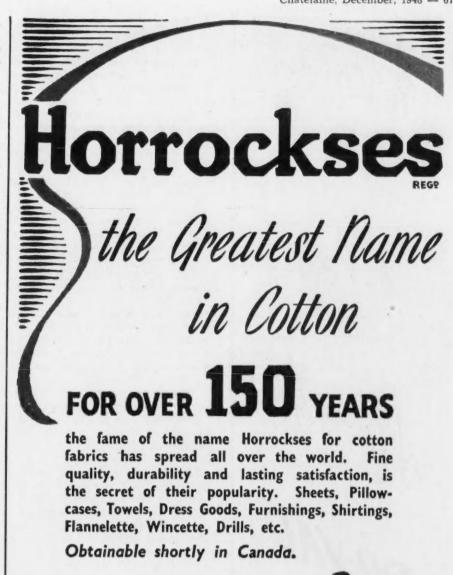
hair-do, and a large apron.
"Chicken pie," she said at once.
"Every smitch white meat."

She had a voice like the sound you make by rubbing your finger around the edge of a wet glass, and John thought stubbornly—I suppose there's no reason why I have to break off with Aunt Floss too. He gave her a rough hug, and stepped inside, resisting the sensation that he had come home.

The room had a thin sweetness from tight-budded lilac branches, and candles burning on the low stone mantel were pale and wavering in the long April twilight.

An old-fashioned plate rail extended along the wall on the far side, and propped up on this were four small canvases depicting country scenes. All the figures, trees, barns and people were small and bright and lively, like Christmas cards. This was Aunt Floss' work, and John knew she had set the pictures out for his appraisal.

Ever since he had known her, she had made shy references to her "painting" and he knew she had a room upstairs fitted up with a skylight and easels and all the paraphernalia. But these were









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the first tangible results he had seen. "I see you've kept yourself out of mischief, Auntie. What are you trying to do-compete with Grandma Moses?"

He didn't know much about art, but the pictures looked all right to him. a little like the crayon work that kids brought home from the second grade, but a lot of that stuff was taken seriously by people who knew.

Aunt Floss sniffed. "I should say not. She didn't begin to paint until she was an old lady. Why-I've painted ever since I was a girl!"

He walked around, hands in pockets, studying the pictures. "Maybe you're a genius; I wouldn't know. Maybe you could do something with these. Tell you what-let me take them into town and I'll get somebody to give me a straight answer on them. Somebody who knows."

Aunt Floss' face grew pink and her chin quivered .- She said nervously, "Oh, no, Johnnie. That's so kind of you, but I'm not ready for that yet. I wouldn't want a straight answer now, not from a real artist, I mean."

"How do you mean—not ready? You say you've been painting all your life." Millie had been setting the table in the alcove. Now she turned, a water pitcher in her hand, and waved it recklessly toward the paintings.

"But Johnnie, she's getting better all the time! Can't you see? These may be merely talented, perhaps not that, but, who can tell how far she'll go, if she just has time and keeps on trying? Maybe some day she will be a genius!"

The answer to that was so obvious it was incredible to him that both women ignored it. He certainly was not going to point it out, but the plain fact was that Aunt Floss had so little time. Either she must do something with what she had now, or she'd never do anything

He went on doggedly, reasonably, "Maybe. But look at the other side. Say she never will be a genius. Say she's just good enough to get a job painting greeting cards - well, that would be something, wouldn't it be better-

"Greeting cards!" Millie's voice was sharp with scorn. "Do you think for one minute Aunt Floss would be happy painting greeting cards? Why, someday her pictures are going to hang in great art galleries, and people are going to come from all over the country to see them!"

John had nothing to say. He looked at Aunt Floss. She stood in the kitchen doorway, the steaming chicken pie in her hands. But her face, lifted toward Millie, was transfigured. She looked as if she were listening to celestial music.

THE TREE toads were loud in the night, and the wind was fresh and moist in their faces. John sat with Millie on the steps, with her hand tucked into his and her head against his shoulder. It was absolutely no way to sit with a girl, when you were going to tell her about another girl. But it was so natural to sit this way with Millie.

Her voice was gentle and dreamy and part of the night. "Aunt Floss wants us to have this place when we get married. She's going to look for room and board with some family where there are several children. She says you get out of touch with life without children around."

Words said themselves. "I thought

she was going to wait for our children."

"I know, but this is for the transition period, until we have some old enough to exchange ideas with. Besides, Johnnie, she really wants us to have this place.'

He let go her hand and pulled out his pipe. He said in irritation, "But I don't want this place. I don't want any part of it! We could build precisely what we want, for what it would cost to fix up this. We could have the whole thing complete, from electric dishwasher to the best interior decoration. Why, there's so much to do to this house before it's fit to live in-

"What would be the first thing? Start

at the beginning."

"Well-put in new sills. I bet these are so rotten you could stick a fork into 'em. Put the whole house on a new foundation. Then I'd take out the wall between that useless front parlor and the kitchen-fix it up with a breakfast bar, and a laundry unit and a loafing unit, comfortable chairs and a radio, so you could really live in it. And I'd knock off this porch so you'd get the original honest Colonial look. It might not be a bad idea to put a roofed terrace on the garden side-pull the whole thing out so it wouldn't look so boxy. Another bathroom and heating plant." His tone grew speculative. "I don't know about the well-it's a little too cute.'

"It wasn't meant to be cute. When this house was built, it was the most utilitarian thing on the property."

"Well, it's not utilitarian now-it's cute."

Millie rose, went over to the well and he heard the clank of chains. A moment later she brought him a cup of water, cold and fern-sweet. He drank, laughing a little at the patness of her answer.

"All right, the well stays." His eyes moved across the road to dark massed trees and the moist musical note of a bullfrog. "I suppose we'd have to drain the swamp. But it occurs to me there's a lot of water around here with no place to go. With a little intelligent direction, we could have a brook and a swimming pool. The kids would love it."

"Whose kids, Johnnie ours?" He was silent for a moment. Then he said in a dry hard voice, "I'm just talking, Millie. You asked me what could be done to this place, and I told you. I still don't want it.

She persisted. "But supposing all those things were done. It would be pretty wonderful then, wouldn't it?"

"But they couldn't be done. Not all at once. We couldn't afford it. It would be a little at a time, and it might take years. Then, with a place like this, impossible to begin with, something new is always coming up. New, crazy ideas every year-a ping-pong room, or a guest house, or air conditioning. That doesn't happen when you work out plans beforehand, and can take advantage of a basic design that includes everything from the start."

She said thoughtfully, "But that would be so-so flat, Johnnie. Having everything complete to start with. What could you do with such a perfect house, move into it and just sit?"

He said harshly, "Live. Move into it and live."

"I'd feel so-so bankrupt." "That's an odd word."

"Cashing in all our dreams at once. What would be left to plan for and work for and-get all steamed up about?"

He knocked out his pipe and got up restlessly. He went to the willow tree and leaned against it, the cool branches, just beginning to smell green, brushed his face.

"I'm beginning to get it now. That was what you were getting at when you talked at Aunt Floss about her pictures, wasn't it? It's the same cockeyed ideology."

Millie said softly, "She's so happy this way, Johnnie. She's still got a

future.

For the first time since he had come back to Millie, John's thoughts really went back to Eleanor. What would Eleanor make of talk like this? Never want anything you aren't reasonably equipped to get. That, she had said, was the secret. The secret of what -success, contentment? Cashing in on the future?

Life with Eleanor would be a long smooth straight road with perfect visibility. There wouldn't be any hilltops or valleys or curves or surprises. On a road like that a man could set his goals and achieve them with no waste motion. And then what? Could you chew on achievement like a cud for the rest of your life?

Millie was talking. "There's a young man at the studio. He's taking violin lessons, but he's also studying at night to be an architect. I told him about this house, and he's awfully interested. I thought I might ask him out. He has a lot of novel ideas, perhaps not so practical as yours-"

So this was the fellow! This was what she had been up to these past two weeks. A violin - playing, artistic, would - be architect, with novel ideas. John knew the type. He'd put a sundial in the garden, and an old oaken bucket in the well, and a rustic bridge across the swamp. He wouldn't concern himself with foundations.

"No, thanks," he said coldly, "I don't think we need any outside advice on the project." Suddenly, groaning a little, he pulled Millie into his arms, and she felt warm and right there. "Millie, what's happening to us? We can't run around tangling with outsiders! There's no place for them in our lives. We ought to know that, Millie."

"I know it," she said, and her voice was small and broken. "Oh, Johnnie, I always get tangled up when you're away from me."

"You need me," he said firmly. Eleanor was fading from his mind, as though she were a character in a book he had finished. "You need me to keep your feet on the ground."

If he needed her just as much to keep his head in the clouds, he didn't say so. Manlike, he assumed that she already knew that. .





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The nylon signature on any garment is your assurance of an approved nylon fabric.



STEVENS-HEPNER CO. LIMITED - PORT ELGIN - TORONTO - WINNIPEG

Fifty Answers

Continued from page 19

narrow black band of felt around bag about one inch below scallops. Sew up side seam of bag. Sew base to bottom. Cut lining to fit. Out of stiff cardboard cut a piece the same size as the base. Insert this between outside of bag and lining. Sew in lining. Run a drawstring through the narrow strip of felt below scallops. This strip should have a hole at each side of bag through which string may be pulled. (Sketch No. 7.) All sketches on page 72.

TICKET HOLDER. (Mrs. Helena Langille, Port Arthur.) Two paper plates will make a gay little bread and milk ticket holder. Cut one plate in half. Paint the whole plate and the half plate in enamel to match the kitchen you want it to go with. Punch holes one inch apart around outside rims. Lace the half plate to the whole plate with wool or ribbons. Decorate with decal or transfer. Stick gummed hanger on back of plate. (Sketch No. 8.)

LUNCH BOXES. (Mrs. A. S. Kerr, Vancouver.) These are popular with school and business girls. Boxes made of felt or denim are attractive and satisfactory. As you may see by the sketch one lunch box holds a thermos and tin box. You therefore cut your material large enough to hold both the sizes of thermos and tin you are using. Line the material with plastic. Attach shoulder strap for usefulness and initials for identification. (Sketch No. 9.)

LAUNDRY SET. (Mrs. E. N. Hewitt, Hawkestone, Ont.) She tells us her friends like clothespin baskets made from six-quart fruit baskets, painted to match their kitchens and filled with bright new pins (painted too, if you like.) She completes this set with a ketchup bottle painted to match and fitted with a sprinkling cork.

KNITTING NEEDLE FOLDER. (Mrs. E. Banting, Sarnia, Ont.) Take 34 yd. of felt 36 inches wide. Cut four pieces 7 by 15; 7 by 9; and 7 by 3 inches. Pink the top edge of each piece and place them all in the order given, with bottom edges together. Round off the corners and stitch ½ inch from the outer edge, all around. Mark off six sections lengthwise, each one inch wide, and stitch. Fold in half, lengthwise; baste and stitch a 20-inch zipper around edge. Finish ends with felt tabs. Give with or without needles. (Sketch No. 10.)

BED PILLOW. (Mrs. W. J. Young, Toronto.) A bed pillow shaped and decorated to look like a basket of flowers wins immediate acclaim. The bottom of the basket consists of rows of satin ribbon sewn on a cushion form shaped as in the sketch. Next comes a row of lace under which are sewn petals of flowers made from different colors of rayon or satin. Then another row of lace and more flowers, until the pillow is completed. (Sketch No. 11.)

HANDKERCHIEF APRONS. Many Councilors like to make gay little teaaprons from five handkerchiefs and two yards of ribbon. As shown in

Continued on page 72



TREVOR HOWARD

Acting is a Profession, Not an

Accident of Birth.



Returning briefly and recently to see old friends, make personal appearances and buy a hat, a quondam Canadian schoolboy, Trevor Howard, remarked that he had left these shores seventeen years earlier for London to try and become a good actor and that he was still working hard to reach that objective.

Mr. Howard disregards the fact that he is internationally noted as one of London's most brilliant stars of stage as well as screen.

His coming film is THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS, written by H. G. Wells, with a cast topped by Trevor Howard, Ann Todd and Claude Rains.

Still current in Canada are SO WELL REMEMBERED, I SEE A DARK STRANGER and GREEN FOR DANGER.

Whatever Trevor Howard has to say on the subject of acting offers little consolation to the just-look-beautiful or Handsome-Harry schools of expression which cherish the belief that actors are born that way and thereafter merely have to make faces. The question of whether screen talent can or cannot be best brought along by stage apprenticeship is still to be settled. In either case it involves long working hours. Britain is testing both theories.

To that great group of stage-trained supporting stars such as Flora Robson and Francis Sullivan, the J. Arthur Rank studios now add young players with seasons of training for motion pictures only. In the cast of BROKEN JOURNEY, action thriller of an Alpine plane crash starring Phyllis Calvert, there are six of one and half a dozen of the other.

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SNOWBOUND recently arrived on the screen from the ranks of the better pocket book mysteries, also offers both.

Outstanding youthful talent is being drawn to London from almost all nations currently speaking to each other as anyone who saw the English-Canadian-French-Czech-Belgian-Scottish-Austrian acting ensemble in Ealing's eminently satisfying AGAINST THE WIND will be pleased to testify.

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.



Lady's Choice

by Mildred Spicer

-Birks-Ellis-Ryrie.

Bracelet and necklace of fine gold chains caught by medallions encrusted with real-looking pearls and sparkling rhinestones. Earrings to match. For after five or formal wear.

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VEN JEWELRY'S gone nostalgic. This is the year you put away last season's chunky glitter and get set for that new ladylike look right out of the nineteenth century. Now the girl who rivaled all the ornaments on the Christmas tree last year is going to shine demurely like the top single star.

It's all so logical, too. Jewels are keyed to the saucy back fullness in skirts, the sedate Victorian bodices, that make such a challenging combination in today's prettiest clothes. Now is the time to start rummaging through old trunks in the attic and delving through grandmother's relic box. You'll probably find little surprises to spark your imagination and do quaint things to your plain black dress. Old-fashioned pieces, in vogue 'way back when, are suddenly stylish again.

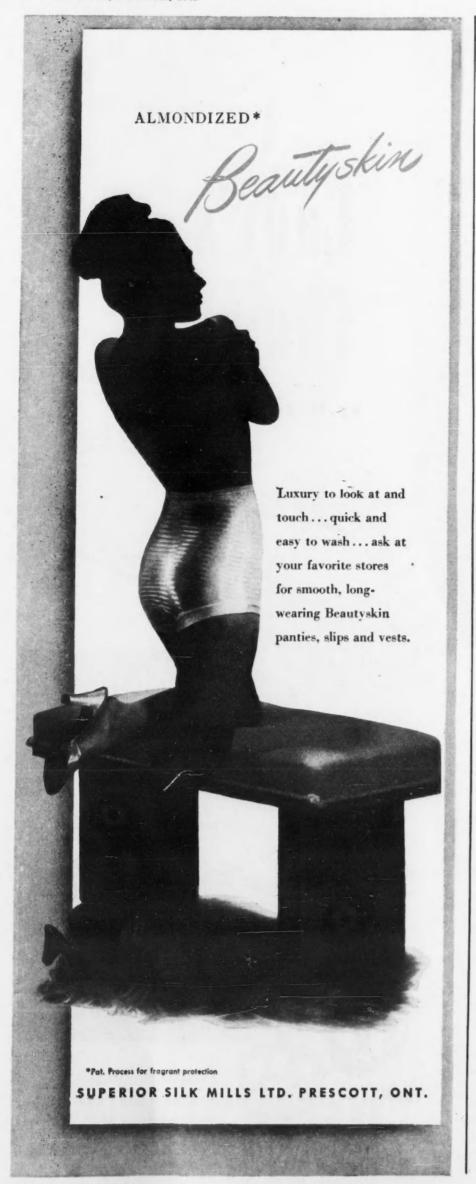
There are slender bands of gold to be worn on your wrists—the more the merrier. Grandpa's watch chain makes a glittering rope necklace or bracelet. Medallions with the same look of antiquity are news, and quaint on a ribbon or dangling from a chain. Remember the glass beads you found in a dusty old box? They'll be wonderful wound around your neck, twisted and knotted to add a fresh touch of color.

Scatter pins are something new, yet old. Time was when owls meant wisdom in French seals and crests, and bees stood for industry. Today a little jeweled bee sits busily on a perky collar and a pair of sparkling owls look interesting on the shoulder of your dark dress, with no significance other than a fashionable you. Scatter pins take many shapes, stars, half moons, and fleur-de-lis, glittering with imitation pearls, rhinestones, gold or colored stones, as well as precious jewels. Grandmother probably wore one at the throat of her Sunday best, but you will wear them in twosomes or threesomes . Continued on page 77



Coro Jewellers.

Amethyst beads glisten among shiny white pearls. The length of this string allows it to be knotted, twisted or tied in many ways. Drop earrings to match.



Sketch, one hankie is used for the centre. Cut two from corner to corner. Sew these four pieces to the first one, two on each side. Gather other two hankies onto the bottom. This makes a little frill. Bind the top of your apron with ribbon and leave enough on each end for gay ties. (Sketch No. 12.)

HERE ARE ideas which many Councilors like . . . After-ski socks, made from heavy socks, knit yourself or bought, sewn to felt insoles with buttonhole stitch in bright wool. Embroider flowers down the fronts. (No. 13) . . . A breadboard, well padded and covered, makes a quaint footstool when four doorstops are attached as legs . . . Utility pockets to hold yardstick, foot rule, tape measure and scissors, made from oilcloth or glazed chintz. Cut strips 3 inches wide, and 39, 30, 6 and 4 inches long. Bind edges. (No. 14.)

Laundry bag, cut from two rounds of cloth, one in chintz, the other plain. Bind together with bias tape. Cut a slit in the plain side. Sew on loop. (No. 15)

... An ounce of wool makes three pairs of babies' bootees. Each bootee takes two knitted squares 25 stitches wide and 25 ridges long. Sew one square up like an envelope. Sew second square to flap of first, which turns down to form back of heel. A crochet string goes under turned-down part and ties in front . . . If you have heavy picture

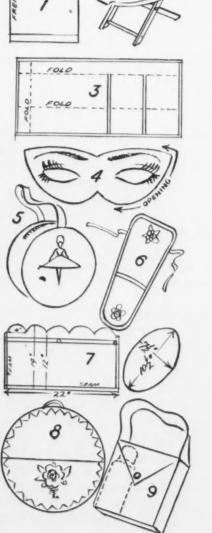
frames you are tired of, turn them into gift trays. Screw masonite or heavy board across the back. Handles at each end. Use painting, wallpaper or other decorative idea under glass . . . Others use old frames to fit around piece of fibreboard, the whole thing painted, to make attractive bulletin boards for the kitchen.

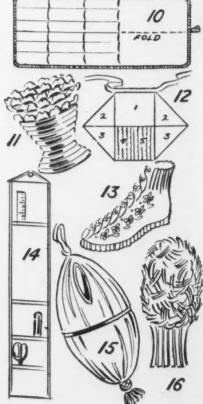
Make sets of decorative glasses by affixing fruit or flower design inside glasses with Scotch tape, and painting them on glasses with enamel. Initials can be applied in this way. Children like plastic glasses decorated with nursery characters or names . . . Make plastic bags for stockings, underwear, or to keep sweaters fresh . . . Patchwork sewing bags or aprons are fun . . . Make kitchen decorations, in sets of three, from paper plates enameled, and centred with flower or fruit decals. Gummed hook on back . . . Cosmetic bags in velvets or silks, in envelope or drawstring style, are pretty for evening wear for teen-agers. Sew initials on in

Make oven mitts, pot holders and aprons to match. Pad corners of aprons to act as pot holders. Oven mitts are easier to locate when joined together with narrow band of material or cords.

Try your hand at a wastepaper basket transformed with chintz. Chintz should be long enough to go around the widest part of the basket 1½ times, and two inches deeper than basket. Mix up plenty of flower and water paste and spread reverse side of material with it, folding down one inch of material along long edges. Wrap material around basket, allowing overlap of one inch where it is joined. Knead into position. The kneaded paste will give it raised effect. You may touch up with highlights of gold along grooves in material. Some Councilors gild inside of basket. Dusting Mitts (No. 16). Knit thumb-

less mitts in heavy wool. Cut pieces of yarn 3½ inches long, pull through stitches on front of mitt and tie. Fill entire front. An ideal material is candlewick. Some Councilors makes these from cheap cotton work mitts, with the lengths of yarn pulled through and tied in the same way.





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A change is as good as something new. Belt your full coat from last year. It's new! Wrap a woolen plaid stole around your neck and let one end fall down your back. It's newer still! Your stole becomes more versatile if it matches your plaid skirt; wear it over sweaters or around your waist.

Two looks for you. Remember that old black suit you simply can't wear this season? Try this. Make a striped jacket and wear it with the skirt. With extra material left over from cutting make collar and cuffs to add to the black jacket. Tie it up with a striped skirt to match. It's a budget-wise gal who works up several outfits from one.

Glove glamour. Seems as if everything goes this year, from shorties in pigtex to 12-button-length glace kid or soft crushed-down suede. Try sewing gold braid around the wrist of your brown shorties or change the buttons of your black ones for pearl buttons.

Skirt too short? Why moan, there's a solution to this wardrobe problem. Here's what to do. Add a band of contrasting color to the waist of your straight skirt. Make blouse of same and they blend like a dress. To a full skirt add a band of matching color in faille or velveteen, or if you prefer, a band of contrasting color just above the hemline and it points to the color of your blouse. Fashion etiquette allows contrasting fabrics this year, in case you raise a questioning eyebrow.

The ways of pearls are many. Wear a 60-in. rope of pearls twisted three times around your neck and knotted to one side. Twist your long pearls around a narrow black suede belt for glamour at your waist. You can buy narrow gold cord to twist around your pearls and encircle the crown of your cloche hat. Bet you'll wear it for Sunday best.

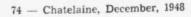
Sparkle at night with yards of misty veiling twinkling with imitation rhinestones. At any dress trimming counter you'll find little packages of these glitter stones. Buy two yards of veiling and decorate it yourself.

Fashion through the needle's eye. If you've got a way with a needle, then here's a suggestion for something new and different. Make yourself a checked skirt with big patch pockets and back interest. With extra material make cuffs to match and sew them on a pair of dark gloves.

Flowers for the lady. Nestle a bunch of artificial flowers at the throat of your deep V neckline. Let it pick up the color of your dress in tone only. Bright red carnations look fresh under a stand-up collar.







Come Christmas



she'll



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SKIING is her passion she'd be pleased as punch this Christmas with that sheath of a ski suit she's had her eyes on for so long. To you, "the weather outside is frightful," but to her it's just delightful. Come January and the official ski season. she'll be off in a cloud of snow for the hills and its thrills and spills, She's probably started already on her twistand-turn practice in the living room to get in trim for the slalom runs. The hickories are out of their blocks and she begins to take stock of her ski form. And here's where Mom and Dad come in. So we've keyed our words to parents the country over, who are planning on giving their sports-

you'll read it carefully before

you pick hers out.

Freedom of Action-There may be four freedoms in democracy, but there's only one in skiing. Freedom of action, that is. To achieve it, proper fit and functional style are musts. Those ski pants have to be slim and tapered so that when the skier "leans into it" she has just the right amount of give and restraint that she needs. The skier should be master of, not servant to her skis. Too many clothes may hinder her form. With this in mind, Canadian designers, many ardent ski enthusiasts themselves, have achieved just the right weight in the right texture for comfort on the slopes. Ski clothes today are light and processed to resist wind and repel water. Then, proper clothes with ski apparel mean snugness woolen underwear is essential and the bright red kind like great-grandfather's is fun. Over this should come a woolen shirt and precision-cut ski pants. Top with a colorful ski sweater, and any girl is ready for her windproof jacket.

Irving of Montreal, who designed the outfits for our Olympics team, did this two-piece suit with downhill slacks and

Dear Santa, She wants a ski suit and all that goes with it. We've planned this specially so you'll know just what to get. We hope child her heart's desire for Christmas.

> Black gabardine, sparked with added touches of checked material, are combined in Fairway's checkmate ski suit. Trim pockets and neatly rolled collar suggest the tailored look. Hood is reversible.

and warmth without heaviness. Long matching tuck-in jacket. Henry Vineberg, also of Montreal and an ardent ski enthusiast, tests his suits on the ski runs before they go on the market.

> Ski Accessories for Gifts . . . It's the little things that count, and never more than when it comes to finishing a ski outfit. "Don't know what I'd do without these earmuffs and woolen

*

Ski

by Mildred Spicer

mitts," you'd hear over and over. If you're like a lot of parents you'll be wrapping up little things to put under the tree. Here are a few suggestions: A loose comfortable hat with a stiff peak to protect her face if she falls in crusty snow. Colorful mittens—"musts" under windproof gauntlets. She should wear two pairs of woolen socks, too, to avoid blisters. Goggles are a good idea to dull the glare of the sun on snow. And even if she hasn't mentioned it yet, we know she'll love one of those wide, wide belts with a purse attachment to carry lipstick, comb, etc.

Fireside Flattery—There's nothing like a day on the slopes to make a girl feel happy, tired and lazy. She's ready



For leisure hours after skiing, Tina Leser designs this quilted cotton with full, full skirt, and fitted jacket. Black with orange and green posie print.



to curl up before the open fire, talk about the day's events, or join in the singsong. Pretty, practical and comfortable—these are the things to look for in after-ski clothes. For instance, a full skirt that looks more like leopard than a leopard does itself. Or that skirt with an extra bright future this winter is the quilted cotton number with matching jacket.

With clothes fashionably keyed to her favorite sport, a girl is sure to possess the assurance that comes with knowing she is correctly dressed for the occasion. From the top of her head to the tip of her toes she looks for all the world like a skier. From now on it's up to her. So here's to holiday fun and happy skiin'.

Designed by Irving of Canada, sleek two-piece suit with downhill slacks, tuck - in jacket with beige yoke, matching hood tucks securely into neck of jacket. (Black with beige.)

Isn't this what you want in a braz

Natural uplift—firm support

—figure control—automatic perfect fit!

A clever laced back design
that does more for you
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She'll Love Them Hand-Made

POISED AND PRETTY is princess slip No. 2643, with gracious lines to flatter the style of that special dress for Christmas Eve. Make it in one of the new and lovely shades of lingeric crepe.

A dainty nightgown with the nostalgic touch of Grandmama's nightie No. 2681 has soft gathers which release fullness at the upper and lower edge of the square-necked bodice. The neck bands are cut of embroidered insertions.

No. 2645. Such a welcome gift come Christmas morning! A cosy bedjacket buttoning up the front to meet a tiny collar. It has handy pockets and long sleeves. Warm and pretty when made up in a quilted fabric.

Designed for lounging is this housecoat, No. 2683, with its double-breasted bodice and large collar. Darts nip it in for a smooth snug fit. The collar and cuffs of the short sleeves are accented by embroidered edging. So feminine, so pretty when made up in fine wool or rayon crepe.

Sister will love this feminine version of the butcher boy pyjama.

No. 1457 has a front buttoning pyjama top with a sweetheart neckline. Shaped seams create a yoke effect and release soft fullness. Eyelet edging trims the long sleeve, pocket and curved bodice seams. Trousers are pleated in front and finished with a button waistline.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 91.

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A Lady's Choice

Continued from page 71

on your muff, beret, stand-up collar or even on your evening bag.

Good as Gold are the conversation pieces with this same look of antiquity. Fobs with that old tintype feeling actually open to reveal a tiny locket. Medallions and pendants have a "justright" touch with tweeds. Old gold blends with the knits, velveteens and soft dressmaker wools of this winter season. That sentimental feeling of Edwardian fashions echoes in the revival of lockets and cameos. A lovely old cameo on a black velvet ribbon has a nostalgic look whether worn with your barest evening gown or your plainest black dress. And even Cleopatra had nothing on us when it comes to chain necklaces! From the finest of links to the widest of mesh, chains give the right sparkle to these high plain necklines.

Pearls Add a Magic Touch, lifting a plain dress out of drabness to give it a special look. This year there are all colors, shapes and sizes. Round, baroque, nut-shaped and faceted come in yardage, in multiple fine strands, with pearl-tasseled ends, or in handsome chokers with rhinestone clasps. Black and smoke pearls, or brown or green team up beautifully with "pearl tone" silks and satins. Yellows and apricots, blending softly with brown wools. White, off-white and blues from aqua to navy are dramatic with black and navy ensembles. This Christmas no one can say, "Oh, but she bas pearls."

There's a New Twist in the way you wear jewelry. A rope of pearls doubled snugly around your neck, caught at the back with a jeweled pin, trails downward to accent the new back fullness of a dress. A 60-inch rope of pearls will wind around your throat three times and knot to one side, for that assymetrical touch to the plainest outfits and pure-white pearls mingle with colored beads. They match pendant earrings that have the liquid look of a drop of colored water. Long dangling earrings are new again and so exotic. But never wear them with a necklace. They play a stellar role above a lovely, deep-throated neckline, thrown into relief by a clip or two low on the bosom or at the waistline.

Richness Is the Keynote of modern costume jewelry. The better pieces are carefully planned for the right well-groomed look with pearls, rhinestones and delicate gold fretwork. A gorgeous brooch which glitters lavishly on the shoulder of a black velvet dinner suit can be transformed into a fabulous-looking necklace when a silvery snake chain is added to it. For daytime wear, a rhinestone pin breaks up to form a pair of exquisite clips.

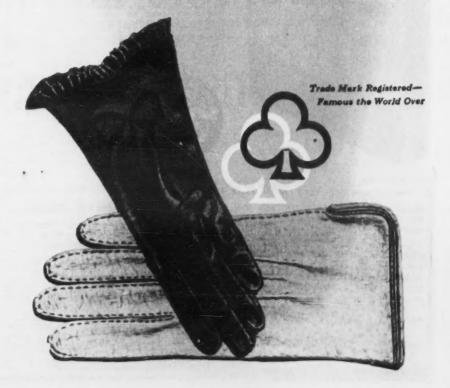
Gone Are the Days when a pretty arm was laden down with bangles. If you have a collection worth their weight in silver, pick out a few, just the tiniest, thinnest ones to wear. Narrow bracelets of gold, silver or colored stones are much daintier and lighter looking. Cocktail bracelets encrusted with make-believe jewels are fashionable with 12-button-length gloves. Glittering hair clips are dreamy looking as the light catches their glint and glitter while you dance.



romance has settled around the giving and the wearing of fine gloves. And now, when Dame Fashion so emphasizes the romantic, is especially the time when gloves—for every separate occasion—are required, and when their gift will be especially welcome.

So go to almost any good store. There you will find, and be gladly shown, a wide selection of Perrin Gloves.

and be gladly shown, a wide selection of Perrin Gloves, made for both ladies and gentlemen. Choose one or more pairs—knowing that their world-famous name is your assurance of Parisian inspiration of design, perfect cut and fit, and long wearing qualities.





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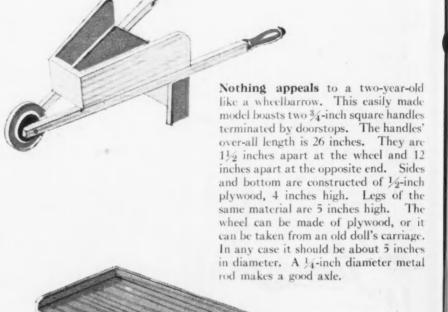
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"Daddy Made My Present"

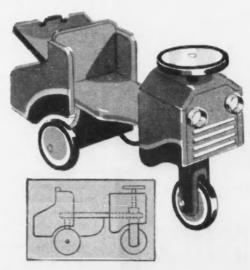
by John Caulfield Smith

Home Planning Editor

Anyone can buy a tot's Christmas gift at a store. But think of the joyful reception a small boy or girl'll give something made especially for them!



A four-year-old can have many hours of happy playtime with this useful desk and chair set. Top measures 18 by 36 inches, stands 18 inches above the floor. Knee space is 16 inches wide with shelves 10 inches wide on either side. Raised lip keeps toys from falling on floor. Chair has seat 10 inches square, 11 inches above floor. Construction is 1/2-inch or 3/4-inch plywood throughout.



Here's an ingenious project on which father's imagination can really run riot. It's the remodeling of Junior's kiddy car into an automobile, truck, airplane, or what-have-you? We show what a brand-new automobile body might look like. It's constructed of 1/2-inch plywood screwed to 1- x 2-inch cross pieces bolted to the underside of the seat. The wheel, about 10 inches in diameter, is fastened to the steering column in the same way as the handle it replaces. Refinements which might be added are the headlights on the radiator and the trunk compartment in the rear.

UEFB MOBILIZES TO GIVE BRITAIN STRENGTH ... IN COLD WAR TO WIN THE PEACE

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Although UEFB cannot at present handle used clothing, arrangements are being made to do so early next year.

Says the British Ministry of Food:

"... we are living on marginal nutritional standards, and there is cause for anxiety lest this should be having adverse effects on physique and health . . . Everything you can send us is wanted and urgently wanted."

If the British people go under, YOU and all of us, will feel the effects. We need a strong Britain to help fight the cold war. Give generously to UEFB—TODAY.

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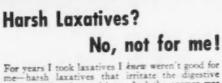
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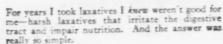
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APPEAL NOV. 14-DEC. 5









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on arising

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Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON in WATER

... first thing on arising



Now That I'm Growing Old

Continued from page 47

personal attack thus often has no meaning—it is a hoped-for means to an end.

The hands were busy with stitches again, blue wool flying. I wanted to know about her husband's earlier defeats as well as his later brilliant triumphshow she had shared them.

"Isn't the wife of a man in public life prepared for both? But you speak of his early defeats-losing elections and such. My husband always accepted those when they occurred, and went on from there to something else without bitterness. And so long as he was reasonably serene, these things touched his family little. But his greatest defeats came in later years-when he saw the vision of things that might be, and were not. These were the deep and spiritual failures that affected us both deeply."

And so I asked her-thinking of the passing of the man whose life had been so drained by his total dedication to a world in confusion and chaos, if she did not wish, now, that he had not spent it so lavishly for so many people; had been able to share more of it with her, with his family, longer . . .

She looked up, surprise in her wide

fine eves.

"But he did the only thing in the world he wanted to do, and felt he must do. One couldn't wish more of a lifetime for anyone than that . . ."

We talked of the late President's interest in ber work as a lecturer, writer,

public figure.

"Remember that I didn't enter what you call 'public life' personally until after my husband's illness," she said "Much as we both believed always that women have a very great contribution to make to the affairs of the nation, and the world, we both felt that small children need their mother."

"And in these days," she went on, "with so many women finding it necessary or advisable to leave their homes for business or professional life (often to support older people the average young family can no longer maintain in their own homes) it is unfortunate for the children who may

Again the knitting paused.

"Although I was with my children a great deal and nursed them through all their childhood illnesses myself; and I believe we had a full family life with wonderful evenings of music and reading aloud and good talk; in spite of that, I wish now I could have taught them more wisdom, somehow . . . saved them more heartbreaks and mistakes."

I asked her if she didn't think this was the feeling of every mother as her children grew to adulthood and she nodded slowly. Then she smiled again.

"And perhaps that is another useful thing about growing old. You are less absorbed in the pattern of everyday events. Of course there are a lot of things you'd like to watch, to see how they'll turn out . . . and people you care about . . . but . . .

Again that complete serenity, that sense of seclusion into which she seems able to withdraw for strength and for-

We talked about her day-her fabulous capacity for getting so much done and wasting so little time. Yet you

realize that it is so vital a trait o personality that it is difficult for her to understand how one could belp but achieve every possible thing one wished.

She begins early-a practice she learned during a childhood which, she says, was fortunately strongly disciplined. At 7.15 a.m. she rises and tidies her room. ("I don't like other people fussing over my things or making my bed!") Then she takes the dogs for a walk in the woods and is back for breakfast at 8.30. She gives household orders, gathers flowers and fruits or vegetables, and settles the domestic side of life at Val-Kill, so informal and simple compared with the schedule of her household for years in the White House. She admits she has never learned to cook. ("Of course I can scramble eggs. But there never seemed to be time for much more.")

Then she begins to work in the library. She's lucky, she believes, in not minding the raft of grandchildren who are constantly about "gran'mère" begging stories, bringing confidences, wanting to hear her recordings of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Grieg. ("I'm old-fashioned about music, I'm afraid. Perhaps I should like the modern music if I

understood it better.")

"I can concentrate with children about-I learned years ago," she says. "They never bother me as they do some

people."

She has a nap in the afternoons and needs only five or six hours sleep at night. So that if family or other personal matters interrupt (and she would never put it that way, for they would take precedence at any moment), she can work on late in the evening.

Watching her practice her belief in "relaxing as you go along . . . not getting tense . . . learning to accept things as they come," you are a little surprised at the great stress she lays, over and over, on discipline; how lucky she was to learn it in childhood.

"Life requires tremendous self-discipline," she says, with deep seriousness. "And women need it even more than men. For a woman must adjust to a number of other people in the most intimate of family environments. And if she has not peace within herself, she can make life for those around her very difficult. Women who allow themselves a great deal of emotional and intellectual lack of control can create complete turmoil for everyone they touch. This is a highly serious responsibility.'

We talked then about religion-and she believes that people with really deep religious convictions find spiritual discipline easier of attainment. For "all religions are a type of discipline, and the forms of religious worship, such as attendance at services, are an important part of that discipline."

I questioned her about the self-consciousness which she was said to have had as a young woman. She smilingly pointed out that an interest in other things and people was obviously the best cure for that form of self-indulgence

Afraid, as she flew around the world and traveled alone anywhere, anytime? "That is one of the great advantages of being in your sixties," she smiled. "As a child I was timid. But when you've had your life, you have not the same fears as you do when you are young. Your ties to life grow less. You achieve a calm acquiescence for whatever comes, know-

Continued on page 91

AGift

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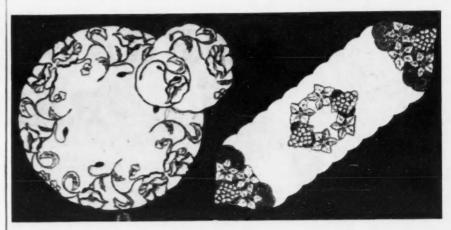
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Available at leading stores from coast to coast.





Your table setting will reveal your most gracious self when you serve luncheon on this dainty cloth. Set, including four matching serviettes, is worked on fine white Irish linen in charming cross-stitch pattern of branching roses, with touches of soft blue, gold and green. No. 175C.



Versatile and lovely to look at, too. That's what friends will say about these beautifully contrived round mats. Stamped on heavy Irish linen in exquisite poppy design, they are obtainable in white or ecru, with three sizes to choose from, and matching serviettes if desired. No. 184C.

Here's cutwork that's strikingly original. Lush grape motif, stamped on heavy cream-colored linen, places this table runner well up on the list of "wishit-were-mine" Christmas items. No. 188C. Matching luncheon set, including tablecloth and four serviettes. No. 187C.





Needle painting is fun! Particularly when you have such delightful material to work with. These pretty little prints, stamped on finest, creamiest Irish linen, depict Victorian romance with charm and artistry—a gift idea that's bound to please! No. 182C.

To Order: 175C: set (36-in. cloth), \$3.25; cottons, 60c; 184C: mats: 24-in. (white, \$1.00; ecru, 85c); 12-in., 25c; 8-in., 20c; 12-in. serviettes, 25c; cottons for 9-piece set (white, ecru, ar colors) 60c; 188C: runner (15 x 45 in.), \$1.50; cottons (white, ecru), 40c; 187C: set (45-in. cloth, 15-in. serviettes), \$6.00; serviettes, 40c each; cottons (white, ecru), 80c; 182C: pictures, 75c pair; cottons, 50c. Address Marie LeCerf, C/o Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. On out-of-town cheques add 15c for bank exchange.



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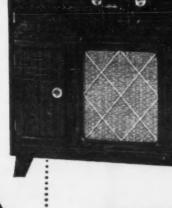
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by Mildred Spicer

and there is a style to suit every figure type. Skirts are slender, but not restricted. Bodices are smoothly molded, emphasizing without exaggerating a high bustline and handspan waist. Jackets follow clean-cut figure lines, while shoulders are narrow and straight. Any extra fullness is concentrated at the back.

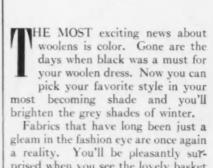
Its Silhouettes Are Many. The French have a word for it. "Mignon," meaning all at once neat and pretty, applies perfectly to the above-the-waist look for fall and winter. It begins with the natural rounded feminine shoulderline, which, although it may be padded, is stripped of its square buildup. Sleeves, too, have come down in size, and the structure of all dress accessories falls into this category. It's a dress winter with renewed interest in the one-piece look. It's

wonderful news. We can be style-right, smart and comfortable all at once.

The Dandy Coat. It's a perked-up version of the classic trend, marked by Victorian influence. It usually has a loose central back and front pleat. Other expressions draw fullness to the back, leaving the forward view shaft-slim and straight. Sleeves are generally long and cuffed or pushed up. You can spot it by its buttons—buttons and more buttons.



The apron silhouette interpreted by Beni Claire of Paul Parnes in soft grey wool. Cut steel beading is traced in scallops on a slim skirt with back fullness.



a reality. You'll be pleasantly surprised when you see the lovely basket
weaves, sheer worsteds and soft, lightas-a-feather woolens. You'll be thrilled
with the beautiful colors that seem to
take their tones from a 19th century
artist's palette. Shades of Victorian
days, rich wines, browns, greens,
muted greys and deep into-black blues.
The "New Look" is now an old look.

Here to stay is the "now look," modified with a quieter and more subtle personality. We're not going to wear bustles, hoops and high button shoes after all! The silhouettes are many



Color drama in black on navy. Topped by capelet of broadtail. By Paul Parnes. W

The straightrimm for wo afternwonde with a saucy falling

The dress.'

Woolen Dress

The Apron Dress. Full at the back, straight 'n' slim at the front, tactfully trimmed—right for petites, wearable for women. It blends nicely into a late afternoon and cocktail frock. It's a wonderful dress to accessorize, and only with a backward glance do you see its saucy look in back fullness of softly falling folds or pleats.

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The Simple Dress. "A good little dress." That's what you'll want and need for the holiday season. It's big news



Taupe combined with black in Herbert Sondheim's woolen afternoon dress. With the look of a dandy coat it has a centre panel down skirt front. Button trim.

and good news because it's so versatile. The dress to wear with the charming accessories, fashioned to play up your wardrobe. Make it or buy it in fine brown wool, wear it with blue-cast pearls. In black or navy it's stunning with scatter pins. Embroidered collars and cuffs, a glint of gold or shirring are other fanciful ways to trim. Remember, it's the simple dress with a touch of trimming that has a future this season.

The Two-piece Look. The surprise package this fall is the suit dress with the look of a suit and the ways of a dress. Snug little nipped-in jackets that are off with a shrug of your shoulders, revealing a dressy frock that goes places after five. Photographed here is a lovely version of the twopiece suit dress, topped by a capelet of black broadtail. Others have velvet and bead trim. Still others are plain to show off your favorite pieces of jewelry. +

Striped for symmetry in cinnamon and grey. Black velveteen trims the wing of the jacket. Fitted bodice collar and stand-out cuffs and crisply defined peplum complemented by a knifeslim skirt. (Paul Parnes).



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PAY AFTER JANUARY 1, 1949, IF YOU WISH!

When baby fusses because of "Childhood Constipation"



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Get Castoria at your neighborhood drugstore today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.

And remember . . . the money-saving Family-Size Bottle is back!



Duchess of the Kitchen

Continued from page 64

jump into the sea. I did what I could

"That's the spirit," Ma praised her.

MEANWHILE PA and Pedro had a smoke. Suddenly Pedro said huskily: "I want to talk to you, sir, I should probably tell it to Lolita, but I simply can't do it. She wrote me the most wonderful letters."

"Don't mention," said Pa very much flattered.

"So much love was in her letters and understanding and education and knowledge and wisdom. Those letters could be in a book, so wonderful they are.'

"Well, well," said Pa. "She's a great girl. They don't make them any better nowadays,'

"I feel like a heel, sir. I don't deserve her. I'll leave while the ladies are not here. I didn't want to come in at all."

Pa got suspicious: "Have you a wife in another port?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the sailor. "It's hard to explain. When I met Lolita at the dance I fell for her. She looked like a queen to me. I had to mention that our family came from Spain too and that my great-great-grandfather was a duke or a marquis."

"Seems to be a Spanish habit," Pa

"I wanted to impress her," Pedro continued, "and I boasted a little. I didn't exactly lie-we never lie. But as she was so highly educated I didn't tell her that I had no chance to learn much myself. I picked up some languages and I know my job and some gardening. That's all. My pride would never allow me to marry a girl so much superior."

"Don't think too little about yourself," Pa said, looking around for Ma to assist him. "You are a very smart fellow yourself. Lolita read parts of your letters to us. They were very impressive I should say."

Pedro blushed like a rose in summer: "That's exactly my trouble, sir. I can write a little, but I don't know how to spell and I don't like writing letters anyway. We have a fellow on the boat who is a bookworm and almost a professor. He usually writes the letters for all of us. He wrote the letters to Lolita too. I know it shouldn't have happened and I'll try to straighten up things. I remembered an old Spanish custom: if a man is supposed to marry a girl but can't do it for some reason or other his best friend has to marry her to help them out. I'm so distressed and muddled up I don't know what to do. Lolita wants a man of her own kind. Do you think she would like the guy who wrote the letters to her? I don't know whether he would want to marry, but he would have to as he's my friend and of Spanish origin too. He wouldn't let me down."

Pa sucked his pipe. "I don't think you should trouble your friend," he advised "I think you're the right man for

Some months later we were the happiest little family. We didn't only have the best cook, we had a couple to take care of us. For Pedro married Lolita and gave up his admiral's career to stay with

"My son bites his nails"



AVID, my nine-year-old son, bites his nails! I've told him it's unhygienic! I've kept his hands busy with small tasks, and put bitter aloes on his nails. I've tical psychologist and even appeared to er of three of the kind of his vanity, but nothing helps.

David is high-strung and very sensitive. Is nail-biting normal for his temperament?"

No, Mother! Nail-biting is never normal, It is caused by FEAR! When David first began to bite his nails, he must have been emotionally disturbed. Find out what upset him, and you can cure him.

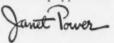
First, some "don'ts!" Don't appeal to David's vanity. It won't help; boys have very little vanity about their appearance. Don't say it's unhygienic to bite finger-nails. This is true, but David won't be impressed, because all boys think Mothers exaggerate the whole idea of cleanliness!

Do tell David there is a REASON why he bites his nails! Explain that people are worried when they first acquire this habit. Ask David what has troubled him, and help him solve his problem. It might be school-David is intelligent but may try too hard to win merit. If he does, tell him that too intense ambition spoils the enjoyment of anything! Is David poor at sports, and perhaps envious of more athletic boys? Then get Father to help David learn one sport thoroughly-and excel at it! This would cure the fear of inadequacy in other sports!

Make nail-biting a challenge to David! Dramatize that for him! If he can break this habit, he will win a victory in SELF-DISCIPLINE and CHARACTER! Knowing WHY he first started to bite his nails makes it easier to stop-and I'm sure David will win!

Happy breakfasts are healthier

When children eat breakfast happily, food is digested better, and they get full benefit from everything they eat. So make breakfast enjoyable. Serve an attractive, readyto-eat cereal-Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Youngsters love the gay Snap-Crackle-Pop Rice Krispies make in milk or cream. They'll be back for more tempting Kellogg's Rice Krispies, and breakfast will be happy! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.



THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mother's Forum, CH-41, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"Roberta wouldn't come when I called"

writes Mrs. O. S. Russell

Whenever my daughter played outside, she wouldn't come when I called. So we started a game. I picked a number—5 one day (7 or 9 the next,) and would start counting—'1-2-3-4 and one makes 5!' I slowed up at the last number to give her extra time. After a few mistrials, she now RUSHES to be indoors before the

Bab

ABY now when comn baby nightgown provided v sweater ar

Long-sle usually be you can't warm or if it is advisa and cottor size as bal best to ha sometimes to change Flannel

> nightgown them your all the way type is ea They shou feet. Tape buttons, are good. ber of ni four, and his first si both nigh

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Italia Clinic

Baby's Clothes in Winter

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

ABY CLOTHES are much simpler now than they were 20 years ago when bands and gertrudes were commonly used. Today a small baby wears a shirt, diaper and nightgown, and additional warmth is provided when needed by the use of a sweater and bootees.

Long-sleeved woven cotton shirts are usually best for the winter. However, if you can't keep your house reasonably warm or if your baby is thin or delicate, it is advisable to use shirts made of wool and cotton. Start off with the one-year size as baby grows so quickly and it is best to have four of them at least as sometimes they dry slowly and you have to change them frequently.

Flannelette is the best material for nightgowns and you can easily make them yourself. Get a pattern that opens all the way down the back, because that type is easier to put on and take off. They should be long enough to cover his feet. Tapes at the back are preferable to buttons, and drawstrings at the wrist are good. You should have quite a number of nightgowns on hand—at least four, and preferably six—because during his first six or eight weeks he wears them both night and day.

The most popular diapers are the ones made of gauze because they dry so quickly. However, they are somewhat more expensive than the more old-fashioned ones made of bird's-eye or flannelette. The last two are quite satisfactory and they should be made about 54 inches long and 27 inches wide. Three dozen diapers are probably

the least you could get along with and you would no doubt find four or five dozen much more convenient. The diaper services are usually quite satisfactory although the cost is considerable. They provide the diapers as well as wash them. Rubber pants over diapers should not be used, except on special occasions because they so often cause skin irritation. They act like hot compresses, keeping your baby's buttocks warm and wet, because the moisture has no chance to evaporate. Nothing makes the skin so soft and so easily injured as warm dampness.

YOU SHOULD have at least three sweaters on hand and they are better without collars so that the back of his neck doesn't get too hot. Sweaters are necessary when the room is a little cool or at night if he won't keep his arms under the covers. Lots of babies won't.

It's a good plan to put a folded diaper between the diaper your baby is wearing and his nightgown to prevent the latter getting wet every time the diaper does. In small babies this scheme is often successful, but after he is a few months old everything becomes soaked. Some mothers get around this difficulty by turning up his nightgown and putting the folded diaper between his diaper and the pad on the bed. If you do this, you will need to put bootees on his feet.

There are two common kinds of bootees—the short ones that tie around his ankles and the knee-length ones that you pin to his diapers. The knee-length ones are sure to stay on, but they often

Baby's Menu changes

Your baby's food needs may be different from most. Always trust your doctor to know best what they should be. Usually, however, there are two big changes in a baby's menu—the first at four months, the second at twelve months. And baby is apt to resent them both. These suggestions from the Heinz baby experts are designed to help him enjoy his strange new meals, and incidentally, make things easier for you.

Solid foods at 4 months

If he's ready for solids, he's ready for Heinz Baby Foods—so wholesome and nourishing, so easy to swallow and digest. Always offer a new variety at the beginning of the meal when baby's hungry. Offer only a small amount, and gradually increase it at each feeding, until he's taking all he should. Place the food so

far back on his tongue he can't spit it out. To grow healthy and strong, he must learn to accept new foods, so be patient and firm.

der a new variety en baby's hungry. gradually increase so n't and ept

He's ready to learn to chew now, and Heinz Junior Foods will encourage him. Try mixing a small amount of a Junior Food with a similar flavored Baby Food until he becomes accustomed to the coarser feel. Then gradually increase the proportion until baby is taking only Junior Foods. If he balks at

coarser feel. Then gradually increase the proportion until baby is taking only Junior Foods. If he balks at chewing thoroughly, the texture of Heinz Junior Foods is still fine enough to make them easily digestible. Heinz Junior Foods contain no spices and only a moderate amount of salt.

25 HEINZ BABY FOODS

Beef and Liver Soup; Tomato Soup; Vegetable Soup; Chicken, Vegetables and Farina; Vegetables with Bacon; Lamb with Vegetables; Asparagus; Carrots; Green Beans; Peas; Beets; Spinach; Peas and Carrots; Squash; Squash and Carrots; Applesauce; Peaches; Prunes; Pears with Farina; Plums with Farina; Apricots with Oatmeal; Custard Pudding; Orange Custard Pudding; Peach Custard Pudding; Prune Custard Pudding.

15 HEINZ JUNIOR FOODS

Chicken Soup; Lamb and Liver; Vegetable Beef Dinner; Vegetables with Fish; Macaroni with Tomato and Beef; Tomato and Rice; Creamed Diced Vegetables; Mixed Vegetables; Carrots; Spinach; Green Beans; Apple Sauce; Prune Pudding; Pineapple Rice Pudding; Apple, Fig and Date Dessert.

Heinz Babys Foods





get wet at the knees and have to be changed. The short ones should not be tied so tight that they interfere with the circulation to his feet. Whatever method you use, you should keep your baby's feet warm. Don't worry if his hands are a little on the cool side. Far more mothers put too many clothes on their babies and small children than the reverse. If your child has beads of perspiration on his forehead, he is far too hot, and some of his clothes should come off. Another way to judge his comfort is to slip your hand along his back, inside his clothes. If his skin is moist, he is too warmly dressed. Children who are kept too warm are often whiney and they

sleep poorly.

After he is about six weeks old, the winter-born baby can have his first airing outside, provided he has been given some preparatory indoor airings. For the latter he is dressed as for outside, covered with a blanket and the window of his room is opened wide. His first indoor airing should last 15 minutes only. If his face stays rosy, in other words, if he responds well, you can increase the time 15 minutes each day until he has one hour of it. His first airing outdoors should be short also, but if all goes well it can be rapidly lengthened until he sleeps outdoors both morning and afternoon. In a damp climate, such as in Ontario, you had better not put him out if it is below 20 degrees. However, on the prairies where the air is much drier, he can go out when it is considerably cooler than that. Ask your doctor's advice.

On bright days, it is well to remember that it is many degrees warmer in the sun than in the shade. It is worth a lot of trouble to give your baby an outdoor airing every day, preferably while he sleeps. The stimulating fresh air will make him sleep better and will sharpen his appetite.

WHEN YOUR baby goes outdoors, he will need a knitted bonnet and mittens. Neither of these should be made of angora wool as he is likely to suck and swallow the fluff from them. A sleeping bag or a thick coat is necessary and on very cold days he may need woolen leggings and a sweater as well. Put enough woolen blankets over him to keep him comfortable.

How about his covers at night? If you have trouble in keeping him under the covers, a sleeping bag made of a thin old blanket or a flannelette sheet will solve that difficulty. Pull it up only as far as his armpits, leaving his arms out. A sweater or even two if it is really cold, will keep his chest and arms warm. It is a good idea to leave the upper part of the seam of the sleeping bag open. Then you can pin it snugly at his back, near his shoulder blades where he can't reach the pins. Hand-knitted blankets or shawls, provided they are not fluffy, are excellent, because they are warm and still light in weight. His mattress should be firm. Either the layer felt or the spring ones are excellent. Those made of blown felt are too soft and they soon become lumpy. The waterproof pads with rubber in the centre and cotton on the outside are excellent. If you can't get these waterproof pads, rubber sheeting well tucked in, with a flannelette sheet on top of it and a quilted pad on that, serve very well. Your baby doesn't need a pillow-in fact he is better without one. 4





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Now That I'm Growing Old

Continued from page 80

ing that there are many things you will never find the answer to . . .

She talked easily about Franklin Roosevelt, whose encouragement of her own development and achievements were so evident and alive in this room now . . . His greatest contribution to his own country, she felt, had been to make government real and human to people. Perhaps to the world, it had been his ability through his voice and way of speaking to give a sense of security at a time when it was most needed to help people dominate their fears.

She believes the reason she still receives letters from people everywhere for help in every possible kind of difficulty, from the inability to pay a mortgage to the desire to get out of a displaced persons camp, is a direct result of the moment in history at which her husband became President. Because letters bearing Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt's signatures began to go out to people from the White House when they felt their voices were lost, crying in the wilderness; because machinery was set into motion to help restore faith and livelihood to a depression-beaten nation, the Roosevelts became associated in millions of minds in a personal way with succor at time of need.

She spoke of his interest in her work. "You couldn't call it encouragement exactly," she said, "because my husband would never urge one to do things. He advised, and allowed you to do what you wanted. He never put an obligation up to you." She spoke of his innate respect for the ability of any woman to do her own thinking, and his sense of women as people. He felt they had a great contribution to make on social questions in government.

"He believed men were more interested in business and power-women in national welfare and improvements.'

We talked about the children ... the sense of family the Roosevelts have always had; the Christmas cupboard which everyone knows is filled a bit at a time all year long with gifts, wrapped and tucked away for each one so that there is no rush when the great day comes and gran'mère can enjoy it with them all . . . of the comings and goings of all the young to this little cottage in the hills . . .

"They must value your advice," I said enviously.

"I never give advice unless I'm asked," she smiled, "I'm a very good listener. It's a wonderful thing to be."

I HAD STAYED longer than Herman would have liked. But there was in this room such peace and quiet, and such unhurried sense of serenity and time for all important things to be completed. I realized with a start that I had been sitting for a very long time.

I had been able to absorb much of its beauty and friendliness. Against pine wood walls the grey-blue hand-woven rugs and drapes, and easy-going chesterfields and chairs in blues and wines looked well-worn and inviting. Birch logs were laid in the stone fireplace with ts bellows, hearth broom and nut bowl n a low stool beside. Pleasant lamps tood by low tables with the happy cisarray of books and magazines that are in constant use. From the main area of the room, steps led to a stone dining porch, and across the other side a dark grand piano and radio gramophone fitted into an L-shaped corner.

I thought; why, it's just like anyone's cottage in the country . . . anyone who loves quiet and soft colors and books and music and family things about; and children. For everywhere among the volumes of old poetry and well-worn novels and new best sellers and Toynbee and Churchill were scattered books for boys and girls like "Aladdin's Lamp," "The Boy's Sherlock Holmes," "The Dancing Queen" . . .

But there were two features of this simple room that said more about its occupant than any others. One was the pictures. Everywhere on the walls were enlarged family snapshots-pictures of little rotogravure value, or indifferent photographic quality. But they were the family, on gay and personal occasions, markers of the passing years and events of import to a mother and a grandmother, rather than a world figure; the samplers and press photographs and warm and friendly water colors; the little mementos like an amusing goat with its pompous Mexican figure astride. There was the poem, written by Charles H. Billings, on the President's death, "Stilled is the Voice, Blanked is the Countenance . . ." just the newspaper clipping, already yellowing, slipped into a frame, as any wife would have done it; the President's first Thanksgiving Day declaration after his election . . . in his own handwriting . . . one of the less significant of so many thousand vital documents that might have been there; but one which represented his deep reverence for the family tradition of his

And there were the flowers. Only certain kinds of women go into the fields and gather great armfuls of black-eyed Susans and fill bowls with them; kneel to pick a hundred pansies and float them in a soup tureen; know that there is nothing so gay as a green pitcher filled with orange and yellow nasturtiums . . . And she looked as I had never seen her in the newsreels, making speeches, attending important ceremonies, entertaining dignitaries. Now she was at home. A country grandmother in a pink-and-white-striped seersucker summer dress, her greying hair cut short and curling softly about her neck, her skin tanned and brown and her blue eves clear and happy.

The needles went quietly into the bag as she rose with me . . . tall, gracious, unafraid.

And I wanted more than I ever wanted anything in this world to sit down at her feet and tell her all of my worries and problems, and let her wisdom and her kindness make them come right again. +

Pattern Descriptions

2643—Slip, sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size: 16: 29s og 35"; 2¼ of 39". Lace edging: 1½ yards of ½" width, Price 25c. 2681—Nightgown, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 4¼ of 35"; 4½ of 39" or 41"; 3½ of 50". Embroidered insertion: 2% yards of 1¾ width. Price 25c. 2645—Bed Jacket, sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40.

2445—Bed Jacket, sizes 12, 14, 16, 16, 20, 40. Size 16: 2½ of 35" or 2½ of 39" single quilting. Lining: 2½ of 35" or 2½ of 39". Price 25c. 2683—Housecoat, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 6 of 35"; 5½ of 39"; 5½ of 41". Embroidered edging: 4 yards of 1½" width. Price 25c. 1457—Two-piece Pyjamas, sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 4½ of 35"; 4½ of 45". Eyelet edging: 2½ yards of 1½" width. Price 25c.

Price 25c.
Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



"But Mom, what's the matter with bullabies?"



BABY: Now that you're being me for a day, Mom, I thought you'd like to hear lullabies. They're supposed to be soothing!

MOM: Honey, it's going to take more than lullabies to soothe me! I've been wriggling and twisting ever since I woke up. And my skin's so uncomfortable I could howl.

BABY: Can't sympathize, Mom. Maybe now you see that a baby's skin needs plenty of Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

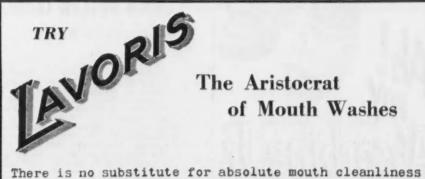
MOM: I'll listen to anything, lamb! Tell me — why do you need both Oil and Powder? BABY: Mom, that's the secret. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil for after-bath smoothovers, more of it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls 'urine irritation."

And don't forget, I can use lots of silky Johnson's Baby Powder for soothing sprinkles that help chase little chafes and prickles. And it's borated!



MOM: Angel, I guess your mother hasn't been quite hep!But you can put this on the record: From now on, it's Johnson's Baby Oil for you - Johnson's Baby Powder too!







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Chatelaine

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Cover by Larry Harris

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"Winter Landscape." by Lawren Harris, R.C.A., courtesy Canadian Artists Series,

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Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman; HORACE T. HUNTER, President, FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President. THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller. EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, London. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada and Newfoundland, I year \$1.50, 2 years \$2.50, 3 years \$3.00; all other parts of the British Empire \$2.00 per year; United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$2.50 per year; all other countries \$3.50 per year (renewals only accepted for outside Canada and Newfoundland). Single copies 15c. Copyright 1948, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa.



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